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Fashion Changes for AUTUMN

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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HATS ARE HERE TO STAY

FASHION designer Christian Dior told a Paris audience recently that he liked all sorts of hats except the one women had designed for themselves— "the three-cornered handkerchiefs which they persist in tying under their chins."

Mr. Dior showed a natural reluctance to accept women into his man-dominated union, but he at least had the honesty to admit that no famous designer like himself had been capable of inventing the cheap, utilitarian peasant simplicity of the hanky-under-chin style.

Hats are a bit in decline at present, for several reasons.

One is greater informality of life, another is price, a third is that a hat is a difficult thing for a woman to run up, a fourth reason is the sort of hats some designers design.

There was a time when women piled everything from battleships to birdcages on their hair, but the modern girl thinks several times before adorning her head with a burst boiler draped with a clean dishcloth and one sad rose.

Men (simple, conservative creatures) have more influence on hat fashions than women think.

The one certainty, however, is that hats, particularly real glamor hats which add that sophisticated finishing touch to any costume, will never go out. The reason is that women have an uncontrollable passion, which probably stems from the caveman period when caves dripped, to cover their heads.

Our cover:

● Rich black velvet teamed with white mink is a luxurious combination most fashion-conscious women dream about but few can afford. Still, it's nice to dream. The elegant clothes worn by Bettina on our cover this week were designed by Fath for late-day wear. Incidentally, although Aly Khan is still married to Rita Hayworth, it's rumored that he may soon start divorce proceedings so he can wed the lovely red-haired Bettina. The couple are at present in South America and propose shortly to spend five months touring Islamic countries.

This week:

● One of the sounds of summer Australians miss most overseas is the noise of cicadas. Although they breed in other countries, somehow they don't seem to be so loud. And the Australian cicadas are more colorful; those of Europe and North America appear drab by comparison. For Australians from five to fifty we reproduce four varieties on page 11 this week.

Next week:

● How often have you heard someone say, "You won't believe this, but . . ." when they recount an odd experience they had. Next week we give details of an exciting new competition, "Strange But True," which will enable you to turn that experience into a moneymaker. "Strange But True" will become another of the regular contests carrying cash prizes which we feature each week.

● When Gina Lollobrigida announced she was expecting a baby in July, the Press and film studio reaction was so strong that Italy's adored Gina opened her big brown eyes and said, mystified, "Anyone would think Queen Elizabeth had abdicated!" In next week's issue we have a special story and pictures of Lollobrigida and her husband and their future plans.

● A four-page section has been specially planned next week for gardeners interested in growing shrubs. The section is packed with advice and pictures, many in color.

BOOK REVIEWS by AINSLIE BAKER

Living in White House hard on romance

● "The White House upstairs is a mess and looks awful," Margaret Truman recorded in her diary after her family moved in following President Roosevelt's death.

LATER, she says in "My Own Story" (Eyre and Spottiswoode), a leg of her piano fell through one of the sitting-room floors.

But before that happened Margaret cheered up her suite with pink draperies, chintz, and white-painted antique furniture. Mrs. Truman did the same for hers with lavender and grey and the President's with cream and off-white.

While she doesn't spill any Presidential secrets, Margaret Truman lets it out that her father once forgot himself and said "Yes, dear," to the then Princess Elizabeth, and that Harry Truman enjoys wearing loud shirts.

While she makes it clear she was in deadly earnest about her much-disparaged singing career, Margaret always has a sense of humor. After quoting a good notice, she adds: "I didn't know whether I was improving or the critics were slipping!"

The ex-President's daughter, who wrote her story "with Margaret Cousins," is revealed as a loyal, sensible girl, not over-impressed with what she mentions as "the frills and feathers of politics."

Romantics who longed for her to have a White House wedding forgot that when she said good-night to her escorts a Secret Service man was always in attendance.

"There is not much you can do except shake hands, and that's no way to get engaged," writes this amiable and sensible young woman.

Margaret's reminiscences are, as her publishers suggest, those of an ordinary girl in a unique situation. It is part of her unpretentious charm that she can make, out of two terms in the White House, a kind of cosy family chronicle.

Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

SHINING HARVEST, by E. V. Timms (Angus and Robertson). The ninth of a loosely linked Australian saga in which members of the Gubby family appear in succeeding generations. Action here moves from the bohemian Paris of the Second Empire to Victorian England, and finally to the northern New South Wales of last century.

WOLF AT BAY, by Dorothy Wright (Macmillan). The wolf is a young Italian met by a nice young English couple during their honeymoon in Italy. The question is—can she keep him at bay? Above average light reading.

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THREE GIRLS NAMED ALMAYNA

All were beautiful . . . an amusing romance

By MATT TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY KICKHEFER

In my dream I floated as light as a feather, tossed in the air by the girls dressed like the Three Musketeers.

SHE served me lunch when we were airborne out of Dayton, and I had my first close look at her since she took my coat and hat when I boarded the plane. By this time my neck muscles ached from twisting my head to watch her as she moved up and down the aisle.

She was a brunette, wide-eyed and wide-mouthed. The slim, tall, square-shouldered-type girl I find not unacceptable.

I suppose I stared too hard, because she said, "Is something wrong with my face? Or is it the lunch?"

"I'm trying to picture you in a gunny sack," I said. "I want to be sure it isn't just the uniform."

"The uniform helps," she said. "The square cut to the shoulders, the gold wings on my jacket, the jaunty angle of my hat."

I closed my eyes.

"I'm visualising," I said. "In a gunny sack you look wonderful, too." I looked at her again. "Do you smile like that at everyone?"

"Friendly service aloft," she said, "is the airline's proud boast. Don't you look at the pictures of us hostesses in the ads? Ring if you want a second cup of coffee."

"I'm going to want six," I said as she moved away.

I couldn't get more than three. There was stiff competition for her attention—a woman with a scared youngster, an old guy who wanted to tell her the story of his life, and a young mother with an infant whose bottle needed warming every five minutes. But I did fairly well. I managed to get across a few vital statistics. Name: Jeff Adamson. Occupation: Rising young huckster. Marital status: Unencumbered, but willing and eager.

"I fly a lot," I said. "There's a client in Chicago who needs comforting once a month. I go and hold his hand."

"How nice for him!" she murmured.

"They keep the pressure on pretty hard at the office. But——"

"The Madison Avenue salt mines," she said. "We hear a lot about them on flight."

"I manage to have a few evenings to myself," I said. "If I phoned you some time——"

"Why not?" she said. "It's Plaza 0-9742."

I took out a notebook and pencil, and by the time I had it written down she had scooted up the aisle again. I had to wait until we landed at LaGuardia When she handed me my hat I said, "You haven't told me your name. For whom should I ask?"

"Almayna," she said.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Almayna," she said again. "A-l-m-a-y-n-a."

"An odd name," I observed.

"Isn't it?" she said cheerfully. "Practically incredible. Like something out of a crossword."

"I hope you'll be free," I said. "We'll have dinner together."

She nodded brightly. "You can always count on Almayna," she said.

. . . . . .

Four days later, about five in the afternoon, I phoned from the office. A female voice answered, and I asked for Almayna and held my breath.

"This is she," the voice said.

She sounded different, but nice. "Jeff Adamson," I said.

"One moment, please," she said, and there was a silence. Then she was back.

"I have it now," she said. "You're quite tall. Dark eyes. You're in advertising, and you fly to Chicago on business a lot."

"Do you keep a card index?" I asked.

She giggled. "Sort of," she said. "This is a matter of taking me to dinner, I believe?"

She gave me the address—it was the fourth-floor apartment of a house in the East Fifties—and I went down to Madison Avenue and hailed a cab. It pulled up in front of a brownstone, and I got out and punched the top bell. I climbed three flights. There was this girl waiting for me at the apartment door. She was a blonde, not a brunette.

"I'm looking for Almayna," I said.

"I'm Almayna this evening," she said. "That is, I'm the last syllable of her. Edna, in other words." She stood there smiling at me—as attractive a blonde as you'd find this side of Hollywood.

"I guess I'm plain dumb," I said. "The girl I'm looking for is dark-haired and has deep blue eyes. She's about three inches taller than you."

She nodded. "That's Alice," she said. "She's the first syllable of Almayna. Right now Alice is on flight to Kansas City. Won't you come in?"

I stepped into a large, comfortable-looking living-room. "I'm beginning to get it," I said. "Three girls with but a single name. Where's the middle syllable?"

"You mean May," she said. "She's in the bedroom, sleeping. The poor girl just got back from an exhausting non-stop from Los Angeles." She came up to me and widened

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"The Most Irritable Woman Ever known," Mother says

"I'm quickly becoming the most irritable woman in this neighbourhood," said a young mother, last week. "I don't know what's wrong with me. I've never been like it before. I adore my husband and kiddies yet I find myself snapping their heads off just because the children get healthily boisterous at times. I'm starting to get really worried about it."

Someone should tell her. She's suffering from nervous tension; suffering as far too many other men and women are. Her body and nerve cells need concentrated nourishment. They need Sanatogen. A course of Sanatogen would nourish her nerves back to full health. Sanatogen contains concentrated amounts of protein together with phosphorus. These essential nutrients exercise a high, lasting tonic action, not only on the nervous system, but on the body as a whole.

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SAN 1-57

Fourth instalment of our mystery serial

WILDFIRE AT MIDNIGHT

BY MARY STEWART

SEARCHERS who set out from Camasunary Hotel in Skye to locate missing climbers MARION BRADFORD and ROBERTA SYMES on difficult Blaven Mountain are horrified to find Marion's dead body at the foot of a gully. She had fallen when her climbing rope was deliberately cut.

Later they find the body of RONALD BEAGLE, another hotel guest, on a burning bonfire with his throat cut, following the pattern of the recent murder of a local girl HEATHER MACRAE.

Beagle was located by GIANETTA DRURY, whose hopes of a restful holiday at the hotel first faded when she found that her ex-husband NICHOLAS was staying there. She was further upset by the story of Heather's murder, and by an unpleasant incident when a boudoir doll belonging to film star MARCIA MALING, who seemed to have captivated both Nicholas and HARTLEY CORRIGAN, was found disfigured in the same way as Heather. Marcia left the hotel next day.

INSPECTOR MACKENZIE, with SERGEANT "HECKY" MUNRO, is in charge of the murder investigations. He hears the stories of other guests and searchers who include ALASTAIR BRAINE, mutual friend of Gianetta and Nicholas; HUBERT HAY, writer; RODERICK GRANT, a keen mountaineer; MAJOR PERSIMMON, proprietor of the hotel; DOUGAL MACRAE, Heather's father; JAMESY FARLANE, her fiance.

While they are all still searching for Roberta next day, Gianetta finds her in a cave, battered but still breathing. As she does so, a man's shadow darkens the cave mouth. NOW READ ON:

RODERICK'S hoarse voice said, "You've found her!" I turned with a great sob of relief. "Oh, Roderick—oh, thank heaven someone's come! She's alive, and——" "Alive?" his voice was incredulous. He took a stride across the cave, towering over us both. "Alive?"

"Yes. Yes, she is! I heard her moaning—that's how I found her."

He was down on his knees beside me now, his hands moving over Roberta. His face was grim.

"Yes, she's alive, but only just, Janet. I'm very much afraid——" He broke off, while his hands gently explored her head. She whimpered and moved a little. I said, "I'll stay with her, Roderick. You go and get the others. You'll go faster than me!"

He hardly seemed to hear me; he was still intent on Roberta. He looked remote, absorbed. When he spoke, it was with suddenly impersonal authority. "Janet, I left my haversack at the end of the ledge. You'll find my brandy-flask in the pocket. Get it, will you?"

I went quickly. The sunshine met me in a dazzle of light and warmth as I stepped through the cave door. Behind me, Roberta whimpered again, and said something in the blurred voice of delirium. I caught the word "Marion . . ."

It halted me in mid-stride, as the implications—the terrifying implications—of our discovery of Roberta came fully to me for the first time. I swung round. Roderick turned his head, and my frightened eyes met his. And beneath their still impersonal coolness I saw the same thought that was driving my heart in sickening jerks against my ribs.

"Roderick . . ." I almost whispered it. "Roderick, she—she knows who did it."

There was a grim twist to his mouth. "I realise that," he said. "And please God she's going to stay alive till she tells us. Get that brandy, will you."

"We ought to wrap her up first. Have my coat . . . We've got to get her warm somehow until we can call the others." I began to take off my coat. He followed suit rapidly, and I knelt down to wrap the now-quiescent Roberta as warmly as I could in the two garments.

He added, still with that grim note to his voice, "And I'm not going for help, either, to leave you here with this amount of potential dynamite; nor are you going to wander this hill alone any more, my dear. You fetch that brandy while I have a look at her leg, and then you'd better get along above the end of the ledge and just yell blue murder till somebody comes. And if you don't like the look of whoever comes, just yell blue murder for me." He smiled suddenly. "And I'll be there. Now hurry."

"All right," I said. But as I tucked Roberta's cold hands gently inside my coat and made to rise, she began to stir once more restlessly. The grey lips parted again in a whimper, and I saw that her eyelids were flickering.

"She's coming to," I whispered. My heart began to thump violently. Roderick's hand gripped my shoulder.

Then Roberta's eyes opened wide; they were dark and panic-filled, but sensible. For a moment she stared at me as if bewildered, then her gaze moved beyond me.

Someone else was coming along the ledge.

Roberta's hands moved feebly under mine, like frightened animals. Her eyes dilated in an unmistakable look of pure terror. Then she fainted again.

I looked around. Framed in the narrow doorway of the cave was Hartley Corrigan, with Nicholas just behind him. And I could hear Alastair's voice as he followed the others along the ledge.

. . . . . .

Alma Corrigan was waiting at the end of the ledge, and was now summoned with a shout. With the coming of the others my responsibility had lightened, and I had time to feel the slackening of nervous tension that comes with reaction. All

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"Don't touch that door, Munro! Miss Brooke, stand away, please!" The inspector whipped round from the others, his voice urgent.

at once exhaustion seemed to sweep over me like a drowning wave, and it was with feelings of unmixed thankfulness that I found myself elbowed aside by Mrs. Corrigan as she proceeded, with Roderick, to take charge of Roberta. I heard her giving rapid orders for first-aid, while Roderick curtly deputed Nicholas to go and summon the other searchers and commandeer a stretcher.

The cave was now uncomfortably crowded, but, remembering that look of terror in Roberta's eyes, I stayed where I was. I did go out on to the ledge, but there I remained, leaning against the rock in the sunlight, watching the others inside. If any of those people was the murderer who had sent Marion to her death, it hardly seemed likely that he could finish his work here and now before Roberta could speak and identify him—but I was taking no risks. I leaned there against the warm rock, and watched the others in the cave ministering to Roberta.

Presently I heard a shout from Nicholas, away up near the main cliff. This was answered by a more distant call. And after that, it did not seem so very long before the stretcher-party arrived, and I could at last abandon my post and leave the ledge to them.

Dougal Macrae was with them, and the boy Iain, and Hubert Hay, who was certainly not the third climber, as he had been with me on Sgurr na Stri when Marion fell to her death. Roberta would be safe enough now, that is, if the murderer's work had not been already done too well, and she were to die of exposure.

But at least she had been found. The long strain was over. I sat among the heather, waiting for the stretcher to be brought off the ledge, and lifted my face to the sun, shutting my eyes and feeling, for the first time for two days, a sense of relaxation. The warm, sweet, heather-smelling afternoon insisted, with every lark-note, every linnet-call, on the normality of the day and place. Even when, with mutterings, and cautious scrapings of boot on stone, the stretcher was manoeuvred along the ledge and balanced on to the scree, even then I still felt strangely light-hearted, as though the worst were over.

I had forgotten that Roberta had only to open her mouth and speak, and that a man—a man I knew—would hang by the neck until he was dead, and then be buried in quicklime in a prison yard.

. . . . . .

Inspector Mackenzie with the enormous Hecky and Neill, the young local constable, was on An't Sron when the stretcher was brought down. Hecky stayed where he was, and continued what was apparently a minute examination of the ground round the bonfire, but Inspector Mackenzie, after one glance at Roberta, summoned young Neill from his job, and with him accompanied the stretcher back to the hotel.

As soon as he was told that I had found Roberta, he dropped back from the main party with me, and began to question me. I told him, as exactly as I could, what had passed. He listened quietly, and as soon as I had finished he took me through it all again, putting a question here and there, until I must have repeated every action and every word from the moment I heard the first moan to the arrival of the stretcher-party.

As I told my story, trudging wearily beside him down the valley, I found that the precarious tranquillity that had lit my little hour upon the hillside had already vanished, a snow-on-the-desert passing that left me picking my old lonely way through the grey wastes of uncertainty and desolation. And that little cold wind of terror fumbled and plucked again, ice-fingered, at my sleeve, so that I stumbled once or twice in my narrative. But I recounted, honestly and flatly enough, all that I remembered, and left him to draw what conclusions he would.

Then he surprised me. He looked sideways at me and said abruptly: "I'm putting young Neill on to guard yon lassie, and we'll send for a nurse straight away. But we'll not get one before tomorrow at soonest, as the doctor told me this morning that the district nurse is tied up just now with a tricky case. So someone's got to look after Miss Symes till

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Revlon THE WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING LIPSTICK

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CHANCE FOR REVENGE

Four pairs of eyes above the masks stared in a weird silence at each other for a long moment.

THE phone rang at seven o'clock Sunday morning. Tom reached for it accurately without opening his eyes. "Yes?"

"Dr. Walters?" It was Judd Spears, the resident in surgery. "I'm sorry to bother you, but we've got an emergency appendix. Dr. Segar sent him in last night and we hoped to avoid surgery until Dr. Segar got over this flu thing. But as of fifteen minutes ago the white count is up to eighteen thousand—"

Tom whistled. "Segar laid too low to operate?"

"His wife says he can't even lift his head off the pillow this morning. And Dr. Crowell went fishing at four a.m."

"Okay," Tom said. "Prepare the patient. I'll be there in twenty minutes." He hung up and sat on the edge of the bed yawning, a tanned, rangy man of forty.

Jeanne turned in the other bed and blinked at him.

He blinked back. "My day off," he said sourly.

She leaned over and patted his knee. "Never mind, my darling," she said. "Your reward will come."

"Gee, thanks." He grinned.

Three minutes later he was stooping to kiss her. "Good morning and goodbye," he said, and felt his heart lurch. There were times, looking at his wife, when it was as though he were seeing his child Cissie again. This time it was a certain way Jeanne lay on her pillow, her dark hair lovely and wayward. He thought: How many mornings Cissie looked just like that when I'd go in to wake her. He straightened, swallowing.

Jeanne knew. She caught his hand and pressed it to her cheek and looked at him wordlessly. Once, a few weeks after the accident, she had seen him staring at her and she had shaken her head from side to side in a helpless way, saying, "Tom, I'm so sorry she had to look like me."

He had tried from then on to stop it. Now he smiled, reassuring her. "Tell you what. Let's take a basket lunch up on the bluff this afternoon. It's going to be a good picnic day."

The worry went from her eyes. "All right, let's."

He walked out and down the hall, past Cissie's closed room where she had slept for the eighteen brief years of her life, down the stairs, and out to the garage. The chimes at the university were striking the quarter hour.

At the hospital, he took the elevator up to the third floor and went into the locker-room and changed to T-shirt and green cotton trousers.

The door opened. "Nice morning," Judd Spears said.

"For sleeping," Tom said. He eyed Judd's high color and tight blond curls and thought amusedly: He'll be an incredible success when he starts practice. Every female patient over forty will want to mother him.

The younger man still stood there, looking as if he wanted to say something. Tom pulled a green cap over his head. "Yes, Judd?" he said.

Judd turned away. "I just thought we'd scrub together," he said.

Miss Libby, the operating-room nurse, said, "Good morning, Dr. Walters," and turned to Judd, her eyes asking a question. He dropped his glance.

Tom thought: What goes on here?

After he had scrubbed, Miss Libby handed him his gloves. The swinging doors divided, an aide wheeled the stretcher in past them to the operating-room. The patient was long and slender and still. Looks young, Tom thought; that's a favorable point.

Dr. Sammons, the anaesthetist, came right on the heels of the stretcher. He saluted them all. "'Morning, fellow slaves," he said, in his soft cheerful voice. His eyes lingered on Tom.

Warning grew in Tom, an awareness that everyone here knew something he did not. Without knowing exactly why, except as a subconscious quest, he went to the call board where the operating schedule was posted. And there the words leaped at him: Immediately. James Gray —Dr. Walters.

Jim Gray. The university student who had driven the car the night Cissie was killed, almost a year ago. The boy who had really killed Cissie.

Tom's stomach felt cold and grainy, his ears rang. He stood outraged. Do they think I'm going to have anything to do with this—this young monster? That I'm going to salvage him? They'll have to find somebody else.

He was being wholly unreasoning and he knew it, and he knew that commonsense would return, because there was no one else and the boy had to be salvaged. But just for the moment there was a joy in releasing his bitterness, and letting others see it. He turned, facing them—Judd Spears, Dr. Sammons, Miss Libby, the scrub nurse. Four pairs of eyes above four masks, in a weird silence.

Young Judd broke it. "Believe me," he said, his lips pushing the mask in and out, "I would have

A dramatic short short story

BY BETTY KJELGAARD

done the operation myself, if I could have."

Tom said, "Does—" he rebelled against speaking the name—"he know it's me?"

"Yes," Judd said. "We had to tell him. There wasn't anybody else to tell . . . His family lives 'way up in Maine. They won't get here until tonight."

Tom walked into the operating-room, holding his gloved hands before him, and looked down at the face, with its closed eyes, on the table. He had once thought it such a splendid face; it was strong and dark and had complemented so well Cissie's cameo loveliness.

He had thought, too, it would have been wonderful to have a perfect son like this, to go with a perfect daughter, and had found himself with secret hopes that perhaps Jim and Cissie would eventually find in each other the same answer he and Jeanne had found twenty years ago.

Then came the night—wet pavement, fast driving, the tree that seemed to just spring up unannounced before the headlights—and he had not only been robbed of the daughter he worshipped, but filled with undying hatred for Jim Gray.

At the inquest he had lost control of himself, shouting things at Jim. And the boy had just sat there, white-faced, his lips slowly curling, his eyes bright and burning.

Even after Tom had got home, he'd kept on shouting, to Jeanne. "If only he'd said he was sorry—even once! But he just sneered—sneered! After all, what did it mean to him—another date, a little hard luck—so what, he's still alive—"

Now I'm committed to save his life, Tom thought. The insult to the injury.

At that moment, Jim opened his eyes. They weren't quite lucid, but the intelligence showed through. They weren't afraid either, yet there was a kind of desperation in them.

Muscles worked in Tom's jaw; he said mechanically, "Don't worry. You're going to be all right."

After a few seconds he turned and signalled. The others came swiftly in to their tasks, and an hour later Jim Gray was back in his bed and Tom Walters was driving home.

Jeanne said, "Was it bad?"

"An appendix ready to rupture."

"But it didn't," she said serenely. "Because you operated."

"Yes, I operated," Tom said.

She smiled. "And now you can relax."

"Yes," Tom said, "now I can relax . . ."

On the pine bluff the wind blew that afternoon, making songs. Jeanne listened to them and went to sleep. Tom sat against the trunk of a tree, looking at the high blue sky above and the woodland below.

This morning, when he had spoken to Jim Gray, something had happened. Jim's face had smoothed, his mouth had had the boyish sweetness that Tom remembered. It was as though those few words, automatic as they had been, had released a floodgate.

Tom sat very still, wondering. Am I, could I be to blame for Jim's silence all this time; his inability to come to me in penitence? Did I drive him so far into his shell that he couldn't emerge? I loved Cissie terribly; maybe he loved her, too, just as terribly. He drew a long aching breath and held it. At least I had the relief of sounding off, making it easier to bear. But how terrible to keep a grief bottled up, unshared—

Jeanne stirred on her bed of pine needles, squinting at her watch. "Hey, you," she said, nudging him, "it's six o'clock. Shouldn't you get home and telephone the hospital to find out how your appendectomy is?"

"Why," Tom said, rising, "I thought I'd stop by instead."

He left Jeanne sitting in the doctors' parking lot and went to the nurses' desk. Miss Rome was there.

"Where's Jim Gray?" Tom said.

"201." She stood up. "Dr. Walters, I was going to call you. Jim—isn't he a beautiful boy?—came out of it fine; no pain, no nausea, nothing. But he started to cry about a half hour ago and he won't stop. I asked him what was wrong and he said nothing—"

The floodgate, Tom thought. "I'll go see him," he said to Miss Rome. His shoes made tapping sounds down the hall. The floodgates in both of us, he thought. We'll talk about Cissie and there'll be no ghosts. I can look at Jeanne without thinking anything worse than that she's easy on the eyes and has a lot of laughing to do from now on. He came to 201, turned in.

"Hello, son," Miss Rome heard him say.

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The girl was her son's choice entirely, and she wondered what he could see in her.

Misfit Fiancée

WHEN the special delivery from her son arrived, Miriam Walker rushed to the telephone and read the letter to her husband in his office: "I'm bringing a girl home from college, Mother, for the weekend. Her name is Susan Barr. She comes from Nantucket. I don't think you will like her. See you Friday afternoon. Love. D."

"Provocative," Charles Walker said.

"But he's never mentioned her before!" Miriam cried. "That's not like Dirk."

"Oh, he probably just picked her up," Charles replied cheerfully. "You know how these kids are."

"Dear, this is serious. They'll be here in a few hours. What can she be like?"

"You should have more faith in your son's judgment. Maybe he takes after me."

"Dirk's nothing but a child."

"Twenty-one? A junior at college?"

"Where girls are concerned."

"Now, Miriam, relax."

"Besides, Clara Livingston told me that Felicity will be home this week. Felicity is such a dear girl——"

"I thought that was all over."

"You mean Dirk and Felicity? Well, they had a sort of a falling-out. I never understood why. I've invited Felicity here for Sunday supper."

"Miriam, be careful."

"I'm not going to interfere, you know that, Charles. But a mother has certain obligations to her son. Especially when he's the only one. I can't sit by and see Dirk making a mistake—one that might ruin his life."

"We don't know that he is."

"Charles, you're absolutely no help to me!" Miriam protested.

"Hold everything. I'll be home as usual."

. . . . . .

It was worse than she could have imagined, beyond her most dismal anticipation, Miriam Walker thought.

The horses were being led into the paddock for the Ladies' Point-to-Point, but the colorful scene failed to bring its usual pleasant excitement.

Miriam's mind dipped back into the previous day, when Dirk's car had come whirling into the driveway. She had felt the quick, deep throb of love at sight of her tall son, his dark hair shining in the late sunlight, his eyes aglow as he raised his hand in greeting, forefinger pointing upwards in an old childish gesture.

Then he had helped his companion from the low car, and Miriam had thought, with an unaccountable sensation of dismay, "Oh, dear, a little girl."

"Mother," Dirk had said, "this is Susan."

The girl had said, "How do you do, Mrs. Walker? It's kind of you to invite me here."

Her voice was soft and faintly accented by New England. Dark hair was drawn tightly over her head and tied at the back with a ribbon. A pale, transparent skin, calm grey eyes.

Miriam had said, "Dirk, give Tobin her bag. He'll take her up. It must have been a long, tiring drive."

"Sue looks frail," Dirk had answered, laughing, "but she's really tough. Once we had a wrestling bout, and it took me three minutes to pin her."

Miriam remembered her face going stiff behind its smile. Dirk, with his strong young arms about this unknown little girl . . .

She stood, a tall, handsome woman in smart country tweeds, and watched with unseeing eyes the horses being saddled. The patrol judges in pink coats and velvet caps had ridden into the paddock. Her glance was drawn again and again to Dirk and Susan leaning on the fence a short distance away. Of course, any girl would be attracted to him, Miriam thought, but what does he find in her?

There were half a dozen young things, daughters of friends or neighbors, who had been quite frankly fascinated by Dirk during his prep-school days. They were the kind of girls whom Miriam understood and liked. They fox-hunted and rode in horse shows, went beagling or were interested in dogs; tall, long-boned girls, confident and casual.

And, of course, there was Felicity Livingston, with her lean, whipcord body and tawny hair flowing like flame; gay and reckless, the best young horsewoman in the county. Miriam had often thought, "If I had a daughter I'd want her to be like Felicity."

Dirk had been devoted to her all the previous year, and Felicity had returned his admiration. She'd gone to his college for the house parties and proms; Dirk had been her guest at her fashionable finishing school in Virginia. It had been the happiest year of Miriam's life until Dirk had gone to visit the Livingstons at their Bar Harbor summer home.

He'd been invited for two weeks, but returned at the end of the first, silent and withdrawn. Miriam had tried delicately to find out what had happened, but Dirk had merely said, "Let's skip it, Mother, if you don't mind."

He had been restless and moody, and Miriam had persuaded Charles to charter a small sloop and take him cruising, since both of them loved sailing. They had gone to Edgartown and then out to Nantucket. When they came back the boy seemed his usual normal self, and left for college in cheerful anticipation of the year ahead.

The day after he departed Felicity had driven up in her station waggon.

"Is Dirk around?" she had asked.

"He left for college yesterday."

The girl had sat motionless, leaning a little forward on the wheel, her amber eyes fixed on space. Presently she had said, "Okay. Thanks," and had driven away before Miriam could recover from the surprise of her visit. She had not seen Felicity again during the winter . . .

Now she felt her attention drawn again irresistibly to Dirk and Susan. The girl's shoulder fitted exactly under his arm, and the lines of their bodies seemed caught in a kind of intimate changelessness, like a piece of sculpture. "I mustn't spy upon them like this," Miriam thought, remembering what had been revealed to her at dinner the night before.

It had been for her a dreadful hour in which she could find nothing to say to the girl but the most banal remarks. It had not mattered, for Dirk had said almost at once, "Mother, remember when Dad and I cruised to Nantucket last summer?"

"Yes, dear."

"At the dock we pulled alongside a big Cape Cod catboat. There was a swell man on her." He had grinned at Susan. "We asked where was the best place to get supplies, ice and stuff. Remember, Dad?"

His father had laughed. "I certainly do. He said, 'Don't matter where, you'll get soaked plenty. We soak all off-islanders, so we can eat over the winter.' "

"That," Dirk had said dramatically, "was none other than Sue's father!"

"How odd," Miriam had said.

"Sue had gone to America," Dirk had said, laughing. "That's what Nantucketers say when they visit the mainland. We stayed tied up there all afternoon swapping yarns. Captain Barr certainly told some tall ones. I never laughed so much. Sue's father used to build boats, but now he does party-sailing and fishing. What I can't get over was finding Sue when I went back to college."

The talk had risen like a wall about Miriam: a barrier of boats and summer days, the blue harbor of Nantucket with an icing of whitecaps, church spires, and roofs with captain's walks beyond the enormous elms, the wind blowing salt and keen from the sea.

Miriam had made an effort to reach the solid ground of her own life. She had said, "Tomorrow we're going to the Knowltons' Point-to-Point. Have you ever seen one, Miss Barr?"

"I've never even heard of one," Susan had replied with painful honesty . . .

A horn blew thin, clear notes into the pale spring sky. The riders prepared to mount.

Everything, Miriam thought, had added to her feeling of frustration; of being, for the first time, isolated from her son. It was a desolating sensation.

Dirk and Susan left the fence and rejoined her.

"Are you enjoying it?" Miriam asked.

"Yes, thank you," Susan said.

"Sue's scared to death of the horses," Dirk said. "Did you see that goat of Betsy Price's cutting up?"

"Thoroughbreds are always spirited," Miriam explained. "Especially before a race. It doesn't mean anything."

"I wouldn't want to ride one," Susan said.

"You have to learn from childhood," Miriam said. "All Dirk's friends started to ride when they were four or five. It does something wonderful for a girl."

"That's all they know," Dirk said scornfully. "Horses."

"Why, Dirk?"

"It's true, Mother. Try talking to them about anything but hunting and horse shows. They don't know the score. If they had to work their way through college, like Sue, they'd find out a few facts about life. Only they never go to college. Just come out and marry some drip, and go on riding."

"Dirk, it distresses me to hear you say such things about your friends."

A tall girl in riding clothes strode through the crowd. Under the severe brim of her bowler red hair curled like flame about her face.

"Felicity!" Miriam called.

She turned, her eyes glowing; then she noticed Dirk, and Miriam saw the light go out of her face.

"Oh, hello, Mrs. Walker," she said. "Hi, Dirk."

"Hi," said Dirk, suddenly stiff and aloof. "Felicity, this is Susan Barr."

Felicity looked down at the smaller girl, her glance intent. "Hi," she said.

"How do you do?" said Susan.

"Did your mother tell you," asked Miriam, "about supper tomorrow?"

"She did, thanks."

"Around seven."

"Right. I've got to run. I'm riding Mother's new mare. She's crazy, but she can jump. See you!"

"Let's go up on that rise," Dirk said to his mother and Susan. "We can watch the start, the finish, and half the fences."

The horses were coming out of the paddock as they walked through the long meadow grass to the crest of the hill.

"She's lovely, isn't she?" Susan said.

"They're off," Dirk said.

The start was some distance across the rolling fields. The horses looked very small as they galloped downhill to the first fence. All got over and boiled along to the second jump.

"Felicity's on top," Dirk said . . . "Hey! Look out!"

They could hear the crack of breaking rails even that far away. The mare went down and flung Felicity over her head. The others swerved to avoid them, took the fence, and pounded on.

"Oh, Dirk!" Susan cried.

Felicity got up, still holding to the reins. The mare scrambled to her feet, whirling

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"Mother," Dirk said, leading her towards the girl, "this is Susan," and she replied, "It's kind of you to invite me here."

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A charming and romantic short story

By EDWARD SHENTON

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA ROBERTSON

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N.B. Try Kiwi Glint on the chrome of your car—it gives a really dazzling shine!

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

TO anyone who has not before been a hospital patient or who, like myself, has not been one for several years, I would like to make known my recent experience. I entered hospital in fear and trembling, but the kindness of the nurses and the wonderful new drugs and anaesthetics stilled my fears from the outset. Being in hospital is different now! The new approach, telling the patient of any treatment necessary, is most reassuring. Here is one person who is grateful to modern medical science. And what a wonderful age for our children!

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. G. Little, Swan Reach, Vic.

I AM amazed at the selfishness of picnickers at resorts where an inadequate number of rustic tables is provided. Only a few early arrivals have the pleasure and convenience of using these. By parking all their belongings on a table long before meal-time they reserve it for their own use for the day. If councils were to limit the use of tables to some reasonable time it would enable many more parties to share them.

10/6 to Mrs. E. McMaster, Airlie Rd., Montmorency, Vic.

CHATTING recently to a fairly wealthy woman, I discovered she had never run a charge account in her life, nor owned a cheque-book. She said these self-imposed restrictions had added substantially to her income. A charge account made it too easy to buy and enter things not really needed, while being able to write a cheque led to the spending of money that would not be spent otherwise.

10/6 to Miss L. Stone, 9 Louise Ave., Mont Albert, Vic.

WHY is that misused word "nagging" applied only to women and not to men? Often when men use it they do so only in self-defence. Some little thing is forgotten, they are reminded, and out comes that hateful response, "Stop nagging!" Do men never nag? If they don't, what is the correct term for what they would call nagging in a woman?

10/6 to Mrs. E. Ellis, 10 Fletcher St., Finsbury Park, Woodville, S.A.

SHOES tried on in a shop can fit perfectly, yet when worn for the first time can be most uncomfortable and hurt in every possible way. A chiropodist gave me this advice: Don't select shoes when first you go into town and your feet are fresh and, perhaps, slimmer. Buy your shoes when you have been on your feet for a few hours and you will find that you get a shoe that doesn't hurt later.

10/6 to Mrs. E. A. McRae, 5 Essex St., Prahran, Vic.

WHY couldn't there be a sliding scale of charges for visits to the doctor? Often you are asked to "come back in a week for a check-up." This second visit takes up considerably less of the doctor's time, and it seems to me could be charged for accordingly.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Thompson, Box 114, Berri, S.A.

WHAT has become of the good old custom of dressmakers returning left-over material to their clients with the finished garment? These days most dressmakers seem to think it their right to retain any surplus material. Often one needs a scrap for the covering of new buttons or for other repairs.

10/6 to "Remnants," Albury, N.S.W.

The only child

LIKE Mrs. Anderson (30/1/'57), I am a defender of only children. I often think those who criticise them are jealous of the only child's more than usually advanced outlook, due to greater association with adults. These children deserve any so-called "spoiling." School brings them a series of battles to be fought alone, and later life invariably finds them with responsibilities which again must be borne alone and unshared. There are a great many resourceful, reliable citizens who must have started life as those much-scorned, spoilt "onlys."

10/6 to Mrs. M. M. Salt, 62 Broughton St., Camden, N.S.W.

HERE is another side to the discussion started by Mrs. Anderson. I am speaking from experience when I say an only child is too lonely. All my adult life I have said if a couple can have only one child, then for the child's sake they should, if possible, adopt at least one more. None but an only child knows how much they long for brothers and sisters. My own Mum didn't know until I was quite grown up!

10/6 to "Richly Blessed," Toowoomba, Qld.

Family affairs

IF any member of your family—aged from four to 40—has to study and is finding it difficult, here is a suggestion. I advise them to sit down and then, quite seriously, attempt to teach what they are studying to the dog or cat. It seems to be much easier to teach than to learn, and by employing this method our family hasn't had a failure yet.

So far our dog Bitsa has studied for and passed examinations for three scholarships, two junior University and three nursing certificates, and at the moment is busy doing midwifery with (I hope) the same success.

£1/1/- to Miss S.M., Hoffingsworth, Beerburrum, Qld.

● ***Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.***

Ross Campbell writes...

SORRY! RIGHT NUMBER

TELEPHONE manners are a tricky business.

The other night I had to ring Cec Goonley to ask if he had a step-ladder.

The snag about ringing Cec is that his wife, Mona, usually answers the phone.

Mona is a great talker. Her special subject is the prowess of her three children at school work, swimming, ballet dancing, and other activities.

What happens is this:

I ring up and say who I am. That is supposed to be the right thing to do.

A voice answers: "Oh, hello! This is Mona speaking."

To be polite I should say: "Hello, Mona! How are you?"

As if I were surprised and delighted that she should answer her telephone.

This is Mona's cue to give a full report of the latest triumphs of Anthony, Avis, and Dawn.

The only way to prevent it is to say at the start: "Hello, Mona. Could I speak to Cec, please?"

But that sounds abrupt, and she doesn't like it. I can tell from the cold way she replies: "Hold on and I'll get him."

Anyhow, I don't want to offend Mona, because we sometimes have to borrow her electric mincer.

This time when I was ringing about the ladder I tried more cunning tactics.

I didn't say who I was. I asked in a deep voice: "Can I speak to Mr. Goonley, please?"

It was no good.

The answer came: "Hello! Is that you? This is Mona. You sound as if you've got a cold."

I crumpled up at once, and said feebly: "Hello, Mona. How are you?"

She had the green light. She told me Anthony's 100 yards butterfly time was down to 91 seconds.

And Avis had come second in geography, only it wasn't fair, because the girl who came first her father was a surveyor and drew her maps for her.

And Dawn's ballet teacher had said she might make a great dancer if she could keep in time with the music.

After it was all over I swore I would never get caught like that again.

The next day I answered the phone and Mona's voice asked to speak to my wife.

I pretended to be a New Australian plumber.

"Dis is der plomber. I vill get Mrs. Gamble," I said.

Mona replied: "Did you say you were a plumber? That's exactly what I want. You see, our gully trap——"

I dropped the receiver and ran. Sometimes you just have to be rude.

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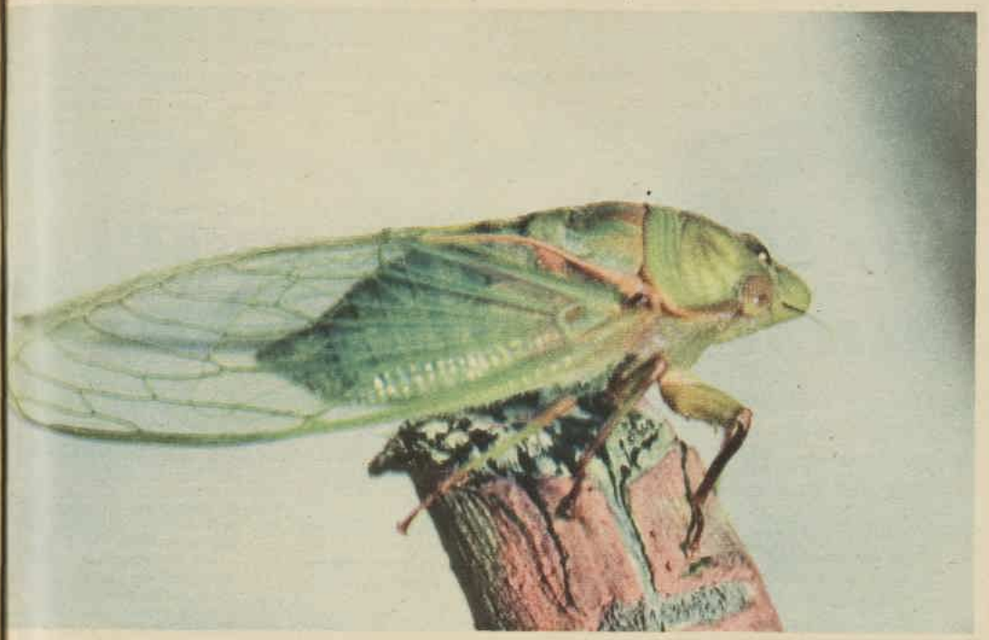
These are Australians:

CICADAS

CICADAS, delight of small boys, have picturesque common names, some descriptive, others obscure in origin. Mr. Anthony Musgrave, entomologist at the Australian Museum, Sydney, suggests that "Yellow Monday" could be a corruption of an aboriginal word, yellomundee. An early Australian record mentions a native with that name. The "Green Grocer" was originally called Green Tuesday, possibly a joke based on "Yellow Monday."

The female cicada lays eggs in tree bark, and the shrimp-like young work their way down to the roots, where they feed on the sap for some years. Then they come to the surface, climb a tree trunk, and emerge with wings from their shell-like covering. Male cicadas have a pair of drums at the base of the abdomen which produce their sound. A muscle inside is repeatedly drawn inward and released. The mechanism resembles that of a rounded tin lid pressed inward by the finger. Females are silent. These pictures by Dr. Allen Keast.



GREEN GROCER (above) and Yellow Monday (below, right) are different color phases of the same species of cicada (Cyclochila australasiae).

CHERRY NOSE (right) is also called Whisky Drinker or Fiddler by youthful collectors of cicadas. His scientific name is Macrotristria angularis.

DOUBLE DRUMMER (Thopha saccata), popular member of the cicada chorus. Cicadas are sometimes incorrectly called locusts. Locusts are actually grasshoppers, the plague insects which often ravage crops.

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71E

HAPPY when the conversation is bright are U.S. Navy officers at a party given for them in Brisbane. From left are Daphne Godebye, Ensign W. E. Bryan, Lieut. Peter Walker, Dawn Winks, Lieut. Jay Larsen, Lieut.-Commander W. Smith, and Jan French.

Girls they'll marry must be like Grace

● The girl with the Grace Kelly charm now has the surest way to a young American's heart — so Brisbane discovered during a week's visit of four ships of the U.S. Third Destroyer Squadron — the Kyes, Higbee, Eversole, and Shelton.

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

THE officers and men in the destroyers provide a wide cross-section of American thought.

As well as regulars, the ships have big quotas of selective service trainees in their crews.

Their duty completed, the trainees will return to a variety of occupations, from cowpunching in Montana to legal practice in New York. Many will finish university courses.

In Brisbane they came ashore as quick to appreciate a pretty face as their wartime predecessors, but with different ideas of beauty.

"There has been a big change in our kids in the past 15 years," said Lieut.-Commander Paul Cobb, the Kyes' Executive Officer.

"They've stopped the wolf whistles and want formal introductions to the girls they date," he said.

Philip's ideal

TALL, fair, bachelor Lieut. Philip Tobin, who is on four years' volunteer duty, said: "The girl with the Grace Kelly charm appeals most to the average young American today."

Philip, who was at college in Pennsylvania with Princess Grace's younger sister, Elizabeth Anne, and who knows the Kelly family well, recently ran a Grace Kelly v. Marilyn Monroe survey among his fellow officers.

Grace was the clear winner.

"It is not only her beauty," Lieut. Tobin said. "She has great sweetness, intelligence, and good manners."

Lieut. Tobin's ideal woman is intelligent, has shining, natural-colored hair, a fresh, healthy skin without too much make-up, a neat figure, and wears clothes that are simple but elegant.

"Americans like their girls to be smart and outstanding so that people will say admiringly, 'That's John's wife'," he said.

"The young American realises that if his girl is dowdy or noisy and doesn't get along well with people, her behaviour is against him.

"He wants to marry for love, but he is looking for the girl who will help him get ahead in his career."

Lieut.-Commander George Dunlop said that the young American demanded an attractive partner who was companionable and his intellectual equal.

"My wife is a brilliant mathematician," he said proudly.

Chaplain Bill Moore, the squadron's padre, who has been married nine years, said that American women, by their home-making ability and common sense, had earned a 50-50 partnership marriage rating.

"As well as studying the same subjects as boys at high school and college, American girls are reared to run a home on an efficient business basis," he said.

"They try to be competent at budgeting, accepting the responsibility for the best distribution of the family income, from food, rent, clothing, insurance, and school fees to when the car should be overhauled for economic maintenance.

"They also watch the stock exchange for the sound investment of savings.

"At the same time, the successful wife remains feminine enough to appear in a Dior dress, making it herself from a mass-produced paper pattern a week after it has been shown in Paris," he said.

But the American today is as quick to make up his mind as his wartime counterpart. Yeoman John Brownlie, of the Higbee, married 22-year-old Carmel Austin, a cashier at Lennons Hotel, Brisbane, five days after they met.

John's reasons

JOHN, also 22, interrupted a Social Science course at Pennsylvania University for his two years' selective training.

Waiting for his bride outside Our Lady Help of Christians' Church, Hendra, John distributed white carnation buttonholes to his shipmates, then explained why he had fallen in love with Carmel.

They met at a party the night after the Higbee berthed in Brisbane, said John.

Their meeting at first was marked by a strong difference of opinion, but Carmel's independent spirit impressed him more than her bright brown eyes.

Within seconds of the arrival of the bridal car, John said: "Carmel hasn't done a university course, but she is level-headed, talented, can play the piano, knows how to run a home, has a neat, attractive appearance, and is kind and sweet."

Another couple in a whirlwind romance are 19-year-old Maisie Pattrick, of Babinda, North Queensland, and rancher Stam Hilty, aged 23, who will complete his duty aboard Eversole in 18 months.

They will be married in Clinton, Missouri.

What do the officers and men of the squadron think of Australian girls?

"We like them," they said. "We like their quick minds and their friendliness."

YEOMAN JOHN BROWNLIE and his bride, formerly Carmel Austin, a Brisbane cashier, who were married five days after they met. John says Carmel is talented and sweet.

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Portraitist says:

Any woman can be beautiful

By SHEILA McFARLANE, staff reporter

No face is without some feature of beauty, according to Australian-born artist Alex Saint-Paull.

SAINT-PAULL, who has very definite ideas on what makes a woman beautiful, has been painting European society women for 28 years.

He has lived in Paris most of this time, in a flat that can only be described as fabulous.

He is at present visiting Australia, has exhibited paintings in Adelaide and Melbourne, and will paint several South Australian and Victorian women before returning to France in August.

"Sophistication and chic are the first essentials for beauty," declared the slim, grey-haired artist.

"I like a face to glow with character. It is more interesting than one so perfect that it is expressionless and cold.

"For instance, one of the most beautiful women in Paris is too 'vacant-looking' for anyone to do a successful portrait of her.

"I like vivacity in a woman, but then, conversely, I also like tragedy!"

Bone structure, Saint-Paull says, is important for beauty, and a long neck and high cheekbones are valuable assets to any woman.

Clients diet

"BEAUTY is svelte," he told me. "And because they know that, lots of my clients diet severely before I paint them."

Saint-Paull likes contrasting complexions. "Like olive skins and blue eyes," he said.

"But, oh, I am so sad to see all those sunburnt Australian girls . . . that dry, dark look is beauty's enemy.

"Not all Australian girls are like that, of course.

LADY BROOKS, wife of the Governor of Victoria, with Alex Saint-Paull at his exhibition in Melbourne.

"I've seen many with really lovely skins and good figures.

"I love a really white skin to paint," Saint-Paull said, as if his thoughts were back in Paris.

Despite this formidable list of desirable attributes, any woman, in his opinion, can be beautiful.

"It is the artist who must bring out that beauty!" he said.

"Portrait painting is a nerve-racking business, but I enjoy it.

"I manage to please my clients and tell the truth at the same time."

Saint-Paull, who now thinks in French and is occasionally lost for an English word, has included portraits of the Earl and Countess Mountbatten in his Adelaide and Melbourne exhibitions.

There were also portraits of Madame Letellier, a celebrated Parisienne beauty who married Henri Letellier, the man who built the Monte Carlo Casino, Rumanian beauty Madame Floricel Constantinesco, who has been painted more than 40 times, and "Lucky," a leading Paris mannequin.

But the portrait that caught most attention is Saint-Paull's own favorite, Mrs. Virginia Moreton, a former Parisienne society beauty, who lives at Nassau.

"The painting brings me luck," Saint-Paull said.

"Mrs. Moreton is as charming as she is eccentric. She sees ghosts and phantoms regularly."

Alex Saint-Paull never "sees" wrinkles in a face he is painting.

"They do not interest me," he said generously. "I like to give the impression of the true age of a face without drawing in each line."

Saint-Paull claims to be a spasmodic worker, and usually works on two portraits at once.

"And I frequently change my mind about details several times before finishing," he said.

"I only paint when I feel right for it, but I try not to let a portrait drag on longer than a month. I begin by painting the face, and while I'm getting this I study the way my client sits.

"The line of the body counts just as much as the head and shoulders."

He prefers to paint women, because, he says, he can make more of a "picture" of a woman's portrait.

PORTRAIT (above) of white-skinned, brunette Paris beauty Mrs. Virginia Moreton, which Saint-Paull (right) refuses to sell because it brings him luck. She loves cats and believes in ghosts.

Milliner friend

SAINT-PAULL works in a silver-lined studio measuring 30 feet by 20 feet. Silk rugs cover the floor.

The studio is part of his flat in the old home built for Fanny Elssler, the famous 19th-century Austrian dancer.

He shares the flat with French milliner Gerard Albouy, who became famous during the war for hats he made from newspapers.

Saint-Paull seemed eager to talk of his flat, and enthusiastically described it.

"I furnished it throughout in 18th-century Italian gilt pieces, removed all electric light from the dining-room, and fitted wall candles and a huge candle chandelier," he said.

"The soft candlelight is in consideration of women guests.

"The walls of the room are yellow brocade, and the windows are covered with blue Chinese curtains. Dresden china and 18th-century wall-plaques complete the effect."

Saint-Paull claims he started a bathroom-decor craze in Paris when he lined his bathroom walls with green velvet and the ceiling with gold brocade.

He leads a busy social life, and his small, formal dinner-parties are as fashionable as his character studies.

MRS. COLIN VERCO, of Adelaide, painted by Saint-Paull soon after his return to Australia.

Saint-Paull does all the arranging for these parties, and makes the main dish—usually chicken with olives.

"Re-did" face

ON her first visit to the flat one well-known Parisienne, Madame Girardeau, sat under the gentle lighting, then took out her cosmetic kit and completely "re-did" her face to suit the candle-glow.

"I have another frequent dinner guest, the Marquise de Blanchonval," Saint-Paull said. "She sometimes retires between courses to change her jewellery.

"She works up to a wonderful set of diamonds and rubies by the time coffee is served."

Saint-Paull says Australian women seem too wrongly conscious of themselves.

"They look terrified at the door of a crowded room, or if a man throws them an admiring glance in the street," he said. "In France women love to be admired, and men are equally proud when other men admire their wives.

"I think some of the most chic women at present are the Italians in Rome. But, of course, they buy all their clothes in France."

Saint-Paull is intensely interested in women's clothes, and never misses a couturier's showing in Paris.

He tries his own hand at designing, and made the hat his sister, Mrs. Randall Taylor, of Adelaide, wore to the Melbourne opening of his exhibition.

It was a creation of swathed old-gold tulle.

EARL MOUNTBATTEN, whom Saint-Paull painted when the Earl was a captain. Saint-Paull has been a friend of the Mountbatten family for many years.

COUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN, painted by Saint-Paull in 1938. He says the pose is typical of the Countess, who lent him this portrait for his Australian exhibitions.

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DOUBLY SMOOTH — FILTER TIP — PLUS THE EXTRA LENGTH

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KING SIZE FILTER

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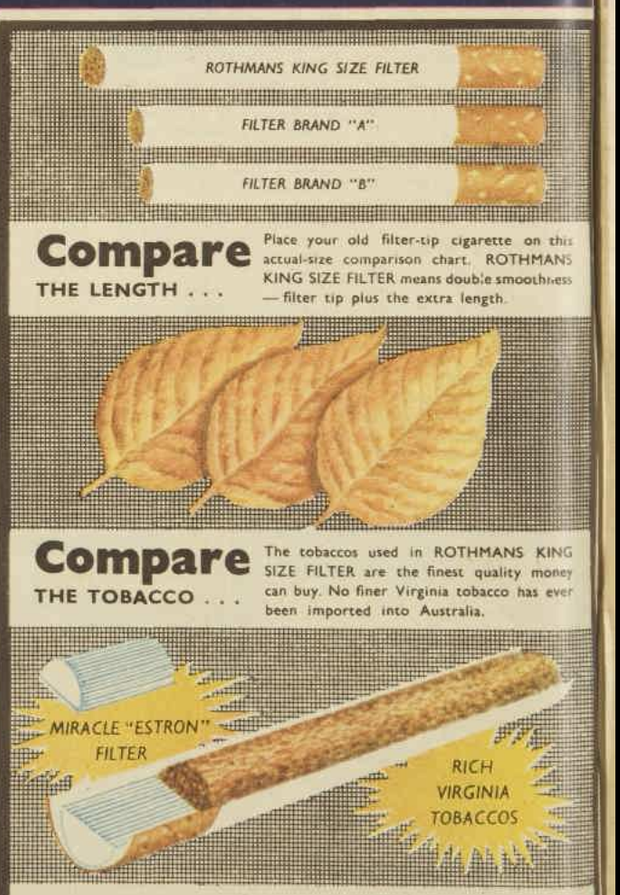

Compare THE LENGTH . . . Place your old filter-tip cigarette on this actual-size comparison chart. ROTHMANS KING SIZE FILTER means double smoothness — filter tip plus the extra length.

Compare THE TOBACCO . . . The tobaccos used in ROTHMANS KING SIZE FILTER are the finest quality money can buy. No finer Virginia tobacco has ever been imported into Australia.

COMPARE the Filter The ROTHMANS KING SIZE filter is made from new miracle "Estron". Break one open and see for yourself that it is made neither of bits of crepe paper nor of ordinary synthetic fibres. ROTHMAN'S KING SIZE FILTER tastes good like a cigarette should.

Special Invitation to Filter Smokers

If you are a regular smoker of filter-tip cigarettes, write to Rothmans, *stating the name and address of your usual supplier and the brand of filter cigarette you normally smoke.* Rothmans will arrange for you to receive a free pack of ROTHMANS KING SIZE FILTER from that supplier.

Note: This offer is available only to genuine filter smokers and for the time being, only in the metropolitan areas of Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, Hobart, and expires March 23, 1957.

Write to: **Rothmans of Pall Mall,** P.O. Box 61, Granville, N.S.W.

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Little Prince who never smiles won U.S. hearts

During his recent stay in the U.S.A. for political talks, King Saud, of Saudi Arabia, proved one of the most controversial—even bitterly disliked—visitors America has had. But his little son was one of the most loved.

WIDE-EYED Prince Mashhur Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia looks at New York from the lap of his father, King Ibn Saud. The King visited America for talks with President Eisenhower and the Prince had medical treatment at the Walter Reed Army Hospital in Washington for a paralysis. The King is nearly blind and always wears dark glasses.

PRINCE MASHHUR IBN SAUD is a solemn, big-eyed little fellow of three and a half, with a partially paralysed right arm and right leg. His father had taken him to America for medical treatment for what was thought to be the result of a polio attack.

In President Eisenhower's personal suite in the Walter Reed Army Hospital in Washington, Prince Mashhur became a TV fan — he had never seen it before — especially of cowboy films and Mickey Mouse cartoons, and developed a taste for American lollipop candies.

Gifts arrived daily from all over the U.S., but the Prince's favorite was a portable radio which he hung about his neck.

Another fascination was snow, which he saw for the first time. He picked up a handful of the feathery flakes and looked at it wonderingly.

Even newspapers which had bitterly opposed King Saud's visit on political and religious grounds expressed sympathy for the lame prince. One of these, the "New York Daily Mirror," in a city whose mayor, Mr. Robert Wagner, with calculated rudeness, refused to give the King an official welcome, published a leading article headed "Prince of Hearts."

(Mr. Wagner vetoed an official welcome of King Saud because he was "anti-Jewish, anti-Roman Catholic, and believed in slavery.")

The article commented, "Every one of us across the land will agree there is one bright spot in the King's entourage — the appealing and lovable person of the little Prince, beautiful, dark-eyed, and displaying that wonderful little-boy look that knows neither race nor creed the world over."

Though King Saud is reputed to have 21 sons—there is no count taken of daughters in Saudi Arabia — Prince Mashhur, the 18th, is the apple of his father's eye.

On the U.S. liner Constitution, which took the Royal

By
GEORGE McGANN, of our New York staff

party of 66 from Naples to New York, the King carried his son about the deck on his daily walks, and sat beside him when the Prince played host — with ice-cream and cake—to children aboard.

During the car ride from the pier in New York to the Waldorf-Astoria, where they spent the night before going on to Washington, the King nursed the boy on his lap.

Greeted at National Airport in Washington by a handshake from President Eisenhower, the King then turned to the little Prince, who was being borne down the steps of the plane, and signalled to the aide to carry the child to the President.

President Eisenhower took the Prince's left hand in his and said, "Hello, there."

The boy, who never smiles, nodded his head gravely in greeting.

When approached — which was constantly and endlessly —by photographers, he raised his left arm to his temple in imitation of a military salute.

Prince Mashhur was mostly carried by one of the King's robed aides, although he limped into the Walter Reed Hospital clutching the hand of his Arab nurse and accompanied by a "Royal protector" wearing a sword in his belt.

The President's physician, Major-General Howard Snyder, diagnosed Prince Mashhur's condition as resulting from cerebral palsy at birth.

General Snyder had the Prince fitted with steel braces extending below the knee on to specially made high-top shoes for daytime wear.

At night the Prince will wear longer braces extending to the thigh.

In addition, General Snyder assigned an Army physician to accompany him to Saudi Arabia to teach medical technicians the physical therapy prescribed.

When the Prince was ready to be discharged from hospital, King Saud himself — whose income from oil concessions is reputed to be more than £200 a minute — came to fetch him and bestowed expensive watches on members of the staff.

He also endowed the hospital with a perpetual gift of two thousand dollars a year to be used for child patients.

As the little Prince left he was photographed for newspapers and television films holding a printed placard reading, "To the American children and other friends who have sent me messages and gifts and who have prayed for my recovery, I express my appreciation and gratitude. May we all enjoy the blessings of God."

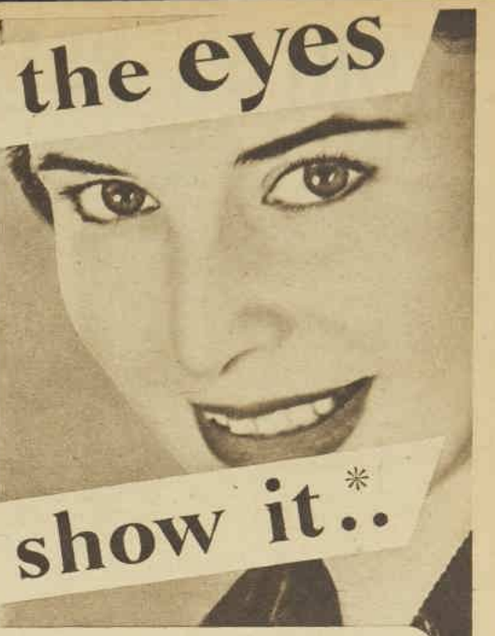
Bitter tears when the Prince thought his father had deserted him.

1 The King, in the President's car at Washington airport, beckons to his wailing son.

2 King and President chuckle as the boy is handed in. He thought he'd been deserted.

3 The Prince refuses all reassurances from his father, from the President, and from attendants.

4 A firm hand stopping the cries, the King clasps his son while Ike gives the "drive-on."



YOUR EYES are an outward sign of inner health. Bright eyes mean a pure bloodstream, a regular system. When you are out-of-sorts your eyes show it. Then is the time to take Beecham's Pills. They remove those impurities from your system which may be the cause of biliousness, stomach upsets and sick headaches. Take Beecham's Pills at night. Next day, look at your eyes—bright and sparkling—just how you feel.

*.. the HEALTH that comes with BEECHAM'S PILLS

QUICK ... the Solyptol!

ABRASIONS need Solyptol REGD TRADE MARK ANTISEPTIC

Be certain that those childish cuts and scratches never become infected. Cleanse and bathe them in a solution of SOLYPTOL—Australia's own powerful, safe antiseptic. Play safe—insure your family—keep Solyptol handy.

IF IT'S FAULDING'S . . . IT'S PURE

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WORLD'S PRESS OUTBACK ON WOOL TOUR

● Australia's outback came vividly alive to impress overseas journalists, photographers, and broadcasters, who were taken recently on a week's flying tour through New South Wales, Queensland, and Central Australia.

By SHEILA McFARLANE, staff reporter

THE vastness of the country, the huge mobs of sheep, a "brass band" welcome to a country town, a 176-mile dingo fence—for all of these the visitors took a written and pictorial record to report Australia abroad.

The Australian Wool Bureau was host for the tour, at a cost of £8000.

The countries represented were Australia's best wool customers — the United Kingdom, Italy, France, Germany, Japan, Portugal, the United States, India, Switzerland, Holland, Sweden, Canada, Russia, South Africa, and Yugoslavia.

The visitors saw some of the type of country that altogether runs 139,000,000 sheep, to make Australia the world's biggest wool producer, with a wool cheque totalling £333,000,000 at last year's sales.

The trip began in Melbourne, with first stop in Canberra for a luncheon given by the Federal Minister for Primary Industries, Mr. William McMahon, at Parliament House.

The properties visited were "Merriville," near Yass, N.S.W., owned by Sir Walter Merriman; "Haddon Rig," Warren, N.S.W., owned by Mr. G. B. S. Falkiner; "Bundemar," Trangie, N.S.W., the estate of the late F. E. Body; "Terrick Terrick," near Blackall, Queensland, owned by the Australian Estates Company; "Bond Springs," near Alice Springs, owned by Mr. Bruce Chisholm; and "Wilangee," N.S.W., owned by the Bolton Smiths.

While some of the visitors were at "Wilangee," others went to two other properties in western New South Wales—"Sunnydale," owned by Mr. R. Hardingham, and "Thackaringa," owned by Mr. P. Lord.

Everywhere they went, they were the guests of the day.

"It must have been the first time in history that a bunch of journalists has been greeted with a brass band and a civic welcome in the main street of a town," said John Pitts, of Johannesburg, after their reception at Dubbo, N.S.W.

A fence, 176 miles long, was a tour highlight for most of the journalists, particularly Jorgen Andersen-Rosendal, of Denmark, who was amazed by the size of the 105,000-acre "Terrick Terrick" property, near Blackall, Queensland.

Graziers in the Blackall district built the fence to dingo-proof their land. It is six feet high, encloses three quarters of a million acres, and cost £500 a mile.

Before it was built, dingoes killed as many as 2000 sheep a year on one property.

Some visitors found the heat hard to take, and Swiss broadcaster Josef Renggli thought Blackall should be renamed either "Bluecall" or "Hotall."

The Alice Springs School of the Air and C.W.A. radio branch impressed women members of the party with the facilities they provide for the women and children of the outback. The Royal Flying Doctor Service was praised by all.

The visitors agreed that the best statement of the tour was made by an Alice Springs bus driver, who, when asked when the party would come to the town, replied, "Well, you see those two gum trees in the middle of the road ahead. That's her!"

Russian journalist Kim Beliaev found entertainment at every stop. At Dubbo, he tried out a set of bagpipes with the local pipe band. At "Bond Springs," near Alice Springs, he learnt to throw a boomerang.

American writer Cliff Blair souvenired a "joey" and was kept busy finding food for it.

Highlight of the trip for German couple Dr. and Mrs. Paul Laven was to meet in Dubbo 87-year-old Mr. Herman Fischer, who had not spoken German since he came to Australia in 1903.

To them, he spoke his language again, and they made a broadcast of their talks to play in Hamburg on their return.

ABOVE: Russian journalist Kim Beliaev has a lesson in boomerang throwing from aboriginal Jimmy Lynch at "Bond Springs," Central Australia, during the tour organised for the world Press by the Wool Bureau.

RIGHT: Sir Walter Merriman (left) shows a sheep's fleece to representatives of the world Press who visited his property, "Merriville," Yass, New South Wales.

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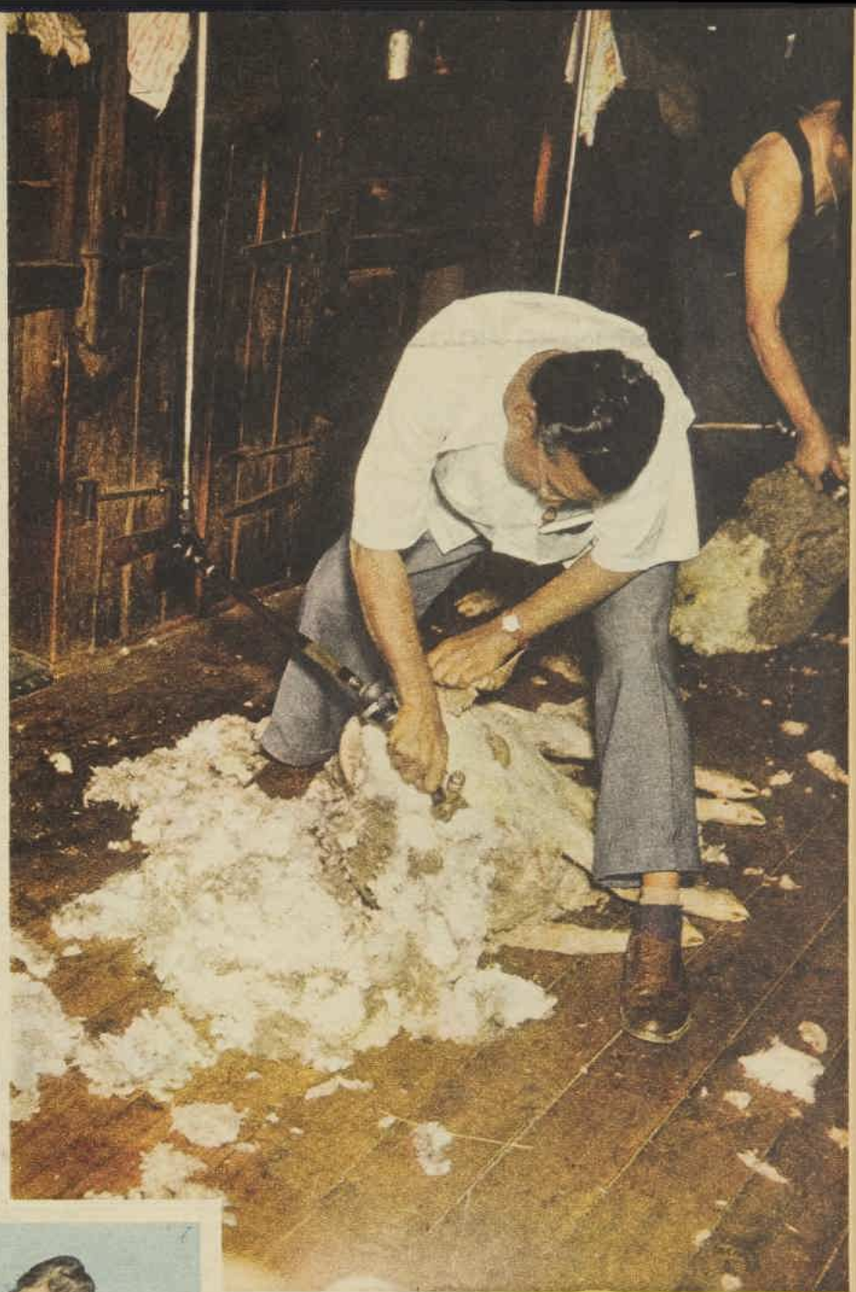
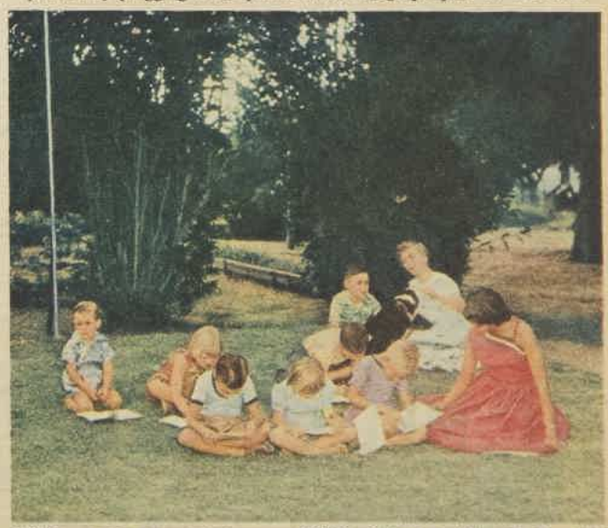
ABOVE: Examining wool of a merino sheep at "Wilangee" are (from left) Vin Morris, Australia, Jacques Grosbois, France, and R. Sriman, India.

BELOW: Aboriginal children pose for Dutch journalist Jan Rempt at the 600-square-mile property "Bond Springs," owned by Mr. B. Chisholm.



INDIAN JOURNALIST R. Sriman tries out his shearing skill at "Haddon Rig," Warren. Details of outback life fascinated the visitors; for instance, the way homesteads in Queensland can be telephoned by plugging a car phone into a telegraph pole on the road.

LEFT: Jorgen Andersen-Rosendal (left), Denmark, Shorai Kimura, Japan, and Arthur Chandler, Canada, enjoy a barbecue arranged during their stay at "Bond Springs."



ABOVE: School at "Terrick Terrick" is conducted by Robin Coombes (at back). Kim Murdoch (in pink dress) will take over the school this year. Pictures on these pages were taken by staff photographer Gary Linney.

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YOUR SHOES NEED

MELTONIAN

CREAM & SUEDE SHOE DRESSINGS

So good for shoes

TELEVISION PARADE

by R.C. Packer

● Coming up this winter is an ambitious three-station plan that, if successful, will result in televising every Saturday's major soccer, League, and Union matches.

PLAN is that each of the three stations televise one of the three codes, so that the home-viewer can have the choice of watching soccer, Union, or League in his living-room.

The stations would rotate the three each week.

Main stumbling block is the prehistoric attitude of Rugby League officials, who are unwilling to allow their grade matches to be televised.

My tip is that they will make a gesture and let the stations televise the international matches only, thus making good fellows of themselves at no risk. The international matches are all-ticket matches, and television could not affect financial results.

I'll take an even greater punt and predict that the most interesting game on television will be soccer. The round ball will be easier to watch than the ungainly Rugby ball, and it will be easier for the television camera to keep the ball within its vision.

★ ★ ★

CONGRATULATIONS to Qantas for sponsoring the televising of the second and third acts of "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll" on Tuesday night of this week on TCN Channel 9.

They did it to enable many thousands of people to see this wonderful Australian play, and, rather than interrupt it, they sponsored the entire show without any commercial.

★ ★ ★

FOR one hour last Wednesday night Captain O. Nilsson of the passenger liner Manoora handed his ship over to television compere Chuck Faulkner.

Faulkner, compere of "Name That Tune," conducted his quiz show on the ship and supplemented it with a half-hour variety show.

The show got away to a bad start when the captain opened the show with the speech he had reserved for his closing announcement.

This was not his fault. He had rehearsed his opening speech only six minutes earlier, and when the real opening came so soon afterwards he thought it was a rehearsal of his closing remarks.

Except for this confusion, which TCN's studio staff should have prevented, the show was most enjoyable.

***SHIP BROADCAST.** Chuck Faulkner with his first two contestants in "Name That Tune," on board Manoora last week. They are (left) Chief Officer Jack Ritchie and (right) Apprentice Nick Horstoll.*

The variety show that followed "Name That Tune" was patchy but passable.

The Associated Steamship Owners, who arranged the evening, invited 250 guests on board to see the show. A group of handsome officers quickly detached the attractive artists, and they were soon dancing with them on an upper deck.

★ ★ ★

SUNDAY night introduces a new show, "Meet the Press," on TCN Channel 9 at 7.15. Members of the panel have not been finally chosen yet, and tests are being made of well-known journalists, including a member of our staff.

The first guest will probably be the Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies.

★ ★ ★

Overseas snippets

MEXICAN television is filming a Robinson Crusoe series . . "Kenilworth," the first Walter Scott novel to be serialised for television, went before the B.B.C. cameras in London last week . . . When Audrey Hepburn made her television debut in America in "Mayerling" the other night she had more than 140 other actors, 40 of them with speaking parts, in the show . . . Walt Disney has signed a nine-million-dollar deal to churn out 130 hours of television entertainment in 1957-58.

What is the dog saying?

A LABRADOR seems to be whispering in a Dalmatian's ear to give readers plenty of ideas for captions in "Dog Talk" Contest No. 13.

For bright and apt entries readers can win £100 prize-money—a first prize of £50, three awards of £10 each, three of £5, and five of £1.

FIRST prize of £50 in "Dog Talk" Contest No. 10 was won by S. A. Woodhead, 48 Queen St., Glenunga, S.A.

The winning entry was, "Honestly! It just came apart in my paw."

£10 prizes to:

Mrs. D. Harper, 44 Endeavour St., Sans Souci, N.S.W.

"Aw! The old grouch! He's still got one good slipper."

Mrs. K. R. Goode, 39 Grove St., Unley Park, S.A.

"But I thought you would be pleased with SIX papers."

Mrs. F. A. Bateman, 112 Kingsford Smith Drive, Hamilton, Brisbane.

"I'm not jealous! I just don't like babies!"

£5 prizes to:

Mrs. M. Binder, 41 Errett St., Horsham, Vic.

"Every time they play our song I feel like this."

L. Burns, 22 Acacia Ave., Ryde, N.S.W.

"I've tried all my other 'looks,' but I think this one gets me almost anything."

Mrs. M. McGregor, 35 Marlborough St., Drummoyne, N.S.W.

"When I think of the home I left to marry HIM!"

£1 prizes to:

Mrs. J. C. Nicol, Crown St., Burnie, Tas.

"It's not much use telling me about green gooseberries now!"

Miss V. Eppelstun, 1 Avenue Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

"I wonder who buys her bone now!"

Mrs. G. R. Pittaway, "Somerset," Eaglehawk, Vic.

"Says he's been sold a pup. Could he mean me?"

G. Salmond, c/o Ivanhoe Hotel, Blackheath, N.S.W.

"Aw, gee, sorry I bit him. How was I to know HE was the ONE?"

Mrs. W. Thorpe, 33 View Point St., Ararat, Vic.

"Silly place to keep a vase, anyway."

"Honestly! It just came apart in my paw."

ENTRY COUPON
The Australian Women's Weekly "Dog Talk" Contest No. 13. February 27, 1957

CONTEST RULES

1. Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture above. You may send as many entries as you like.
2. Each group of entries from the same competitor must be accompanied by the entry coupon on this page.
3. Write clearly, addressing entries to "Dog Talk," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.
4. Entries for "Dog Talk" Contest No. 13 will close on MARCH 4. Winners will be announced in our MARCH 20 issue.
5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.
6. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

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4 out of 5 families

protect their homes

against flies and mosquitoes

Mortein is the world's most *powerful* insect spray, the most *economical* and, by far, the *safest to use*. Mortein kills insects swiftly and surely, yet Mortein can be sprayed with complete safety anywhere in the home. (Although Mortein is so safe—it is not a "wishy-washy" spray—it has not been "watered down.") The insect-killing power of Mortein is greater than that of any other insect spray known.

Whether you buy a large Mortein Pressure★Pak for 15/11 or an 8-oz. bottle of Mortein Plus for 2/3, you will get the best insecticide that money can buy. So the important thing is to *insist on Mortein.*

"When you're on a good thing . . . stick to it!"

***Spray* Mortein Plus**

or spray automatically with **Mortein Pressure★Pak**

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TRAINING TOMORROW'S ATHLETES TODAY!

One thing our Olympic coaches know is that it takes many years to develop a top-ranking athlete. Athletic efficiency, like mental efficiency, requires years of careful nurturing. The outstanding physical attributes of some of our finest sportsmen are directly associated to a foundation of wise diet and nourishment as youngsters. Case histories of many athletes prove how they benefited from Pro-Vita Weat-Harts . . . a regular part of their diet since an early age. The rich natural vitamins in Pro-Vita Weat-Harts will help your children build the physical vigour to win through life. Serve Pro-Vita Weat-Harts every morning, on cereal or fruit.

Pro-Vita

The only safe, pure, stabilised wheat germ.

WEAT-HARTS

More than a million packets sold last year.

Available in 8-oz. and 28-oz. cartons.

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FLOWER FRAGRANT

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Now stops odour 24 hours a day American scientists have shown that new MUM with M3—Hexachlorophene—positively stops odour all the day through. Modern women demand this assurance against offending.

Safer for Charm—
Safer for Skin—
Safer for Clothes

New MUM WITH LONG LASTING M3

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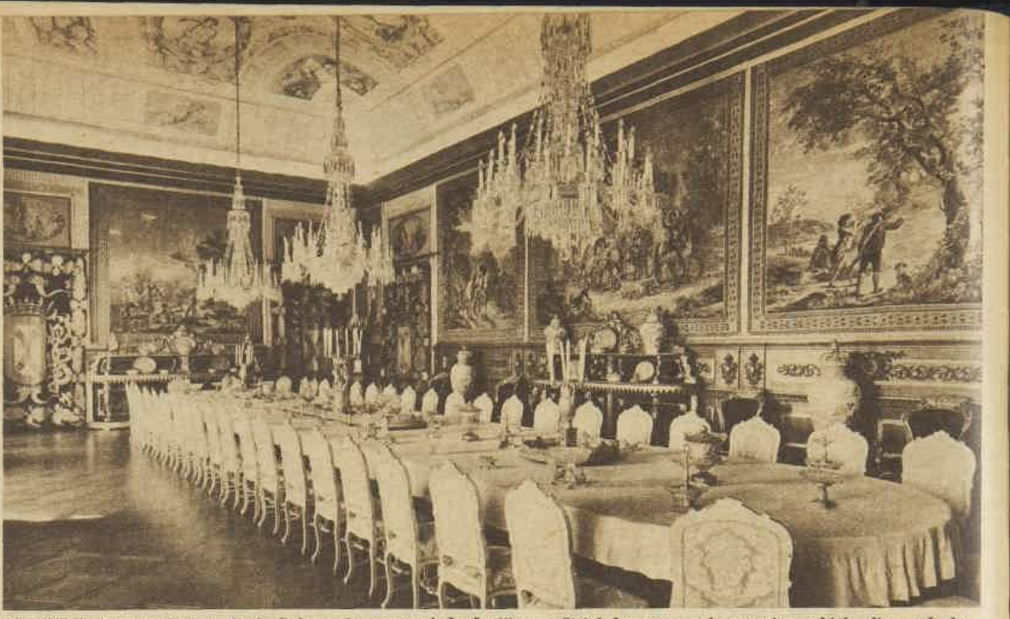

SPLENDID banquet hall at Ajuda Palace, the scene of the brilliant official banquet and reception which climaxed the first day of the Queen's State visit to Portugal.

Latin ladies dress to order for Queen

Portugal is en fete for the Queen's visit, but the "fete" is in the manner of 1908, when their own Royal Family ceased to be. Decorum is the password, with protocol governing necklines, and the Press faced with fearsome penalties for printing any hint of backstairs gossip, and gaol for "lesser" offences.

By ANNE MATHESON, in Portugal for the Royal tour

THE Queen, whom the people of Portugal call "Da Rainha Isabel," is a cherished and honored guest in a country that knows exactly how to interpret its feelings in terms of kind attention and diplomatic assessments of a situation.

At Lisbon's famous Hotel Avis, where 31 millionaires live, the dining-room was closed during the Queen's visit and the millionaires went without meals and the services of the 40 footmen who usually wait on them.

The footmen went off to wait on the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at Queluz Palace, where the Royal visitors are staying, and at Ajuda Palace, where the big official banquet was held.

The footmen used their wives' powder to tone down the jet black of their hair.

They were dressed in long red-gold frogged frock coats, white breeches and stockings. They should have been wearing powdered wigs, but the wigs were not worn because of the possibility of an undignified incident.

"The wigs would perhaps have gone round and round when they bent to serve the Queen," said Alberto T. Rapetti, maitre d'hotel at the Hotel Avis.

"That would not have been dignified," he added. "Neither is such black hair with such a uniform. So we give a little distinction with powder on the temples."

Maitre Rapetti had two menus ready for the private luncheon on the day of the Queen's arrival, although only 20 people sat down to the meal at Queluz Palace.

At the big banquet at Ajuda Palace that evening there was soup laced with Madeira, followed by fresh salmon and a sauce specially created by chefs from the Hotel Avis.

Then followed roast chicken. "Not done the French way," explained the chef, who had presided over the preparation of the millionaires' meals for years. "We stuff the chicken with foie gras in a Portuguese way that is a secret recipe.

"Strawberries for the 80 people invited to the banquet were flown in from three different countries."

The Queen's arrival in Lisbon was like stepping back into the pages of history.

The Royal progress through the narrow, cobbled streets in the Royal coach re-created all the pomp and ceremony that was Portugal's one hundred years ago.

It was with great pride that the Portuguese took many trappings of their former monarchs from museums and storage to add richness and the glory of the past monarchy to this great occasion.

Ancient days, however, did not outshine the dignity and charm of Portugal's women.

Rarely seen out, they were in a quandary about what they should wear to meet the Queen.

The trouble is that no Portuguese woman over 40 wears colors. It just isn't done to step out on a gala occasion in anything but black.

And no Portuguese woman, whatever her age, wears pastels on grand occasions. Black is the traditional color for Latin women of high rank; pastels are traditional for English Royal ladies and those summoned to Court functions.

But protocol laid down their dress. Pastel colors were decreed and necklines were to be discreet and not show any cleavage.

For the first time in Portugal's history the opera will scintillate with light colors and jewels. It is a revolution in dressing.

The Queen will spark off this minor social revolution when she attends a gala performance at the Sao Carlos Opera House.

This will be the gala of galas during the four-day State visit to Portugal, but the "invisible" dictator of Portugal, Dr. Salazar, will not be present.

Dr. Salazar will not be seen in public with the Queen of England. They will meet privately, but the details of the meeting are being kept secret.

No one in Portugal will think this is strange. Salazar is seldom seen or heard, but his influence is everywhere. It is he who arranged the right royal entertainments for the Queen and personally inspected the alterations to Queluz Palace.

Salazar, in charge of the alterations to Queluz Palace, ordered that it be completely gutted inside and 20 rooms with bathrooms be built for the Queen and her suite.

When, to his consternation, he realised that the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh always have separate but adjoining bedrooms, further alterations had to be made.

THE QUEEN has set the standard of the gowns that will be worn when she meets the Latin ladies of Portugal. Here she wears one of the new-length evening dresses.

The suite had been designed with one master bedroom, for the customary Latin way of life on the highest level is the good, solid, old-fashioned double bed and one bedroom for man and wife, whatever their station.

When he heard the "separate bedrooms" custom he gave immediate orders, and a large staircase was ripped out to make a room large and grand enough for the Queen's husband.

Salazar insisted on really magnificent decorations for the new suite.

It is covered in the palest sandy beige carpet. On this are thrown priceless tapestries and rugs that have been hoarded for generations. The walls are hand-painted in flower and ribbon designs.

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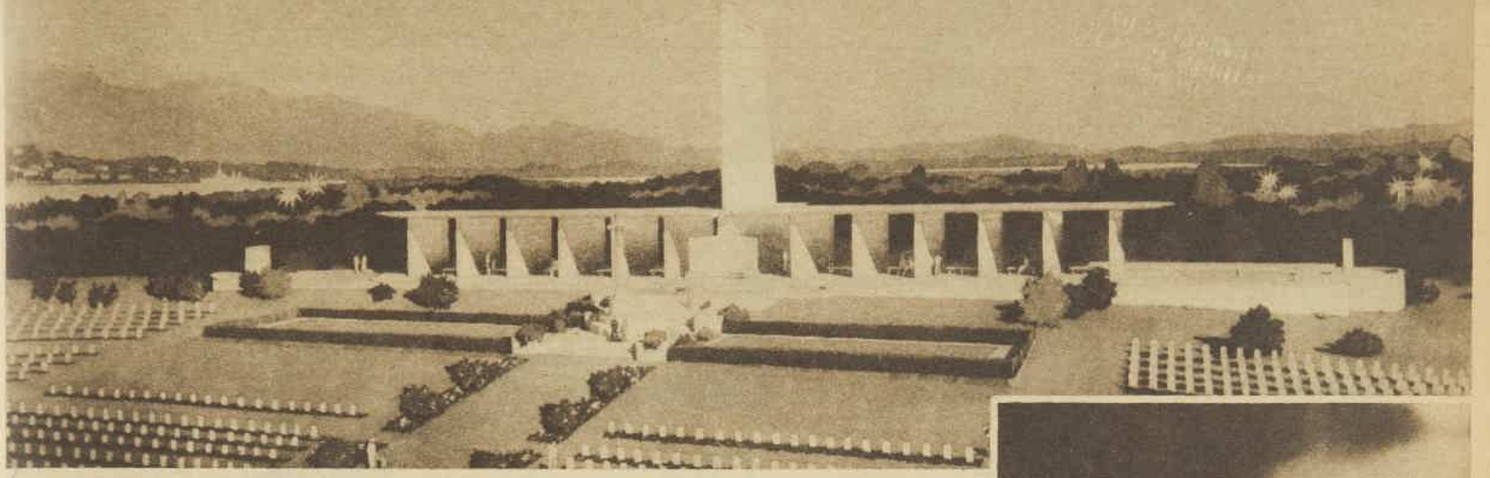
SINGAPORE MEMORIAL



ARTIST'S DRAWING of the Singapore War Memorial, to be unveiled on March 2. It has 12 columns, sheltered by a long flat roof, with an 80-foot pylon surmounted by a star. The Memorial has been built by the War Graves Commission.

Fifteen Australians will fly to unveiling

● As the Last Post and the Reveille are sounded at the unveiling of the Singapore War Memorial at Kranji on March 2, the minds of the Service and ex-Service representatives in the official Australian party will turn back 15 years to when the Japanese poured across from the Malayan mainland to land at Kranji itself.

THE Memorial is in the Kranji War Cemetery, on a hillside overlooking the Straits of Johore, 14 miles north of Singapore.

It commemorates 24,000 men and women of the British Commonwealth Forces who died in the Japanese theatre of World War II and have no known graves. They include 1645 Australians.

It has been built by the Imperial War Graves Commission, who also selected the members of the Australian party for the unveiling ceremony and will provide air transport and expenses for their trip.

In the party is Lieut.-General H. Gordon Bennett, commander of the Eighth Division in Malaya, who said: "Kranji is the ideal place for the Memorial because Kranji was the battle that lost Singapore.

"It was around the mouth of the river there that the Japs landed on Singapore Island," he said. "They came in the dark of night, before the moon rose. They came like a great wave washing around the rocks.

"There were two Japanese divisions against two Australian battalions. Our men were scattered over a long front. Mangroves surrounded most of our forward posts, where men fought until they died."

When the Japanese war began on December 7, 1941, Singapore was bombed; Kota Bharu (near the Thailand border) attacked.

"Men of the Eighth Division, skilled after months of jungle-training, first fought the Japanese in January, 1942," said General Bennett.

"At Seremban the 2/30th Battalion, with artillery and anti-tank support, halted the enemy," said the General. "At Muar and Paritsulong two battalions, the 2/19th and 2/29th, faced the whole of the First Japanese Guards Division and their tanks. The brilliant fighting of these Australians should not be forgotten.

"In going back," he said, "I will be glad to pay tribute to the rearguard men who lost their lives and to the women who worked patiently at home in Australia, not knowing what was happening in the battle. I was proud to be associated with the Malayan show; prouder still of the Eighth Division."

Brigadier H. B. Taylor, M.C., another member of the party, also remembers Kranji. He commanded the 22nd Infantry Brigade, which after battles at Endau and Mersing on the mainland took up defensive positions on the north-west corner of Singapore Island, not far from Kranji.

MR. NEIL STEWART, whose wife, blind since she was 12, will undergo an operation this year to restore her sight. They lost two sons in Malaya.

LIEUT.-GENERAL H. GORDON BENNETT, who will revisit battle sites to verify information for a history of the Malayan campaign.

Down to 500

"OUR men were holding a nine-mile front," said Brigadier Taylor. "They fought continuously for six days until the brigade was reduced to 500 men and our battle-line was at Reformatory Road, near Singapore. The Japs bypassed us then. We were still there when fighting ceased."

Brigadier Taylor and the survivors became prisoners of war.

A prisoner with Brigadier Taylor in Formosa and Manchuria was Group-Captain R. H. Davis, O.B.E., who will be R.A.A.F. representative at the Memorial ceremony.

Group-Captain Davis, C.O. at Pearse, Western Australia, commanded the No. 1 Hudson reconnaissance and bomber squadron that attacked the Japanese landing force off Kota Bharu.

Back to Singapore with the party will go Sir Albert Coates, O.B.E., Senior Medical Officer with the Eighth Division, who performed amazing operations with the most primitive instruments to save the lives of hundreds of men on the Burma railway.

"Coates of Thailand," like the other doctors who salvaged and improvised to care for the sick in prisoner-of-war camps, became almost a legend to the men of the Eighth Division.

Selection of the Australian fifteen will provide for Mr. Neil Stewart, of North Wagga, N.S.W., the most exciting moments in what he calls "an otherwise quiet and uneventful life."

The trip will be his first flight, and soon after his return his wife will undergo an operation to enable her to see for the first time in 53 years.

Two of the Stewart sons, Corporal Arthur Donald Stewart and Private Lindsay Neil Stewart, died in Malaya.

Mrs. Stewart never saw her sons. She lost her sight when she was 12 after an attack of blight, followed by ulcers that scarred both her eyes.

"It will be good to look at things again," she said. "I suppose I'll see a lot of changes in the Wagga I knew when I was a schoolgirl."

Mrs. Stewart had a rare cornea-grafting operation in Melbourne eight months ago. In June a cataract will be removed, giving her sight in the right eye.

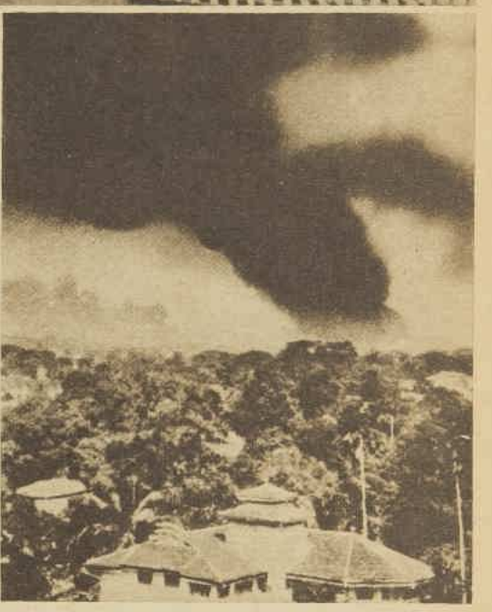
For most of his 67 years Mr. Stewart has lived at North Wagga, where he works as a well-sinker.

Only survivor

WHEN he received the invitation to accompany the party to Singapore he had strong doubts about accepting it. His main fear was the renewal of the grief he and his wife had felt when their sons were killed 15 years ago.

"But the doctor has given me an all-clear and the family was keen for me to go," he said.

"Besides, if I hadn't gone it would have been like letting North Wagga down," he said.



IN 1942: Heavy clouds of smoke from burning oil and ammunition dumps blacked out the Singapore skyline when the city capitulated to the Japanese on February 15, 1942.

To represent ex-Service organisations is Sister Vivian Bullwinkel, Deputy-Matron of the Repatriation General Hospital at Heidelberg, Victoria.

Sister Bullwinkel, the only survivor of 21 Australian Army nurses massacred by the Japanese on the beach at Banka Island in 1942, was a prisoner for 3½ years.

Other members of the party are:

● Brigadier A. E. Brown (Victoria), Secretary-General of the Anzac Agency of the Imperial War Graves Commission, who will look after the party.

● Mrs. R. M. Steele, of Heathpool, South Australia, whose son, Sgt.-Pilot Geoffrey Steele, was lost over the Banka Straits.

● Mrs. Mavis Campbell, of Earlwood, N.S.W., widowed when her husband, Cpl. Arthur Campbell, R.A.A.F., was lost in a reconnaissance flight from Kota Bharu in February, 1942.

● Mrs. Florence O'Neill, of Bondi, N.S.W., the widow of Lieut.-Colonel John O'Neill, C.O. of the 2/15th Field Regiment in Malaya, who was killed in a car accident in Malacca in November, 1941. Mrs. O'Neill was the first president of the War Widows' Guild in New South Wales.

● Mrs. Amelia Hall, of Prahran, Victoria, who is over seventy and who will leave the country for the first time on her first plane flight.

In Malaya she will visit the graves of two of her sons.

● Major-General Hector Geoffrey Edgar, C.B.E., Deputy-Chief of the General Staff at Army Headquarters, Melbourne, who will represent the Army.

● Mrs. Mary Olliff, of Toorak, Victoria, whose husband, Major Sydney Francis Olliff, is buried in Kranji Cemetery.

● Mrs. Dorothy Hynes, of Geelong, Victoria, whose husband's name is on the Memorial. He was Corporal Thomas Evans Hynes, killed in action in Java.

● Mr. Robert Cotton, of Narrandera, N.S.W., whose sons Jack and Roy are commemorated on the Memorial. Now 62, Mr. Cotton served with the A.I.F. in Palestine in World War I and did garrison service in World War II. There are three other sons and five daughters in the Cotton family.

● Mr. B. Bunting, State President of the Returned Servicemen's League, Papua and New Guinea Branch.

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by leading London writers
ANNE EDWARDS and DRUSILLA BEYFUS

HOW D'YOU DO?

● Introductions over, the party proceeds, but unless they are made properly the consequences can be embarrassing to all concerned.

BRITISH Press baron Lord Beaverbrook was at a dinner party with the celebrated writer Frank Harris, and on several occasions tried to get into conversation with him. But Harris refused to be drawn, and ignored him.

Next day Lord Beaverbrook received an urgent telephone message from Frank Harris asking for an immediate appointment. When he turned up, Harris said he was sorry he had not realised he had been sitting next to Lord Beaverbrook, because he had something important to say.

"He wanted to know," said Lord Beaverbrook, "whether I could lend him £500."

The strict conventions on introductions are full of fine shades of social distinctions—the younger should be introduced to the older, the lady should be introduced to the gentleman, the less important person to the more important.

Trying to bear all this in mind leaves the introducer speculating whether to mention the man's name first because he is more important, or the girl's name first because she is the lady, whether to present the middle-aged woman without a title to the distinguished young author, or the other way round.

Today, except on the most ceremonial occasions, introductions can be a good deal more casual.

Friends

IT is always correct to use the formal Mr., Mrs., or Miss, but Christian names are used increasingly in introductions, especially among young people, since they will use them afterwards, anyway.

When introducing young unmarried people, Christian names are often used without the Miss or Mr. "Drusilla, do you know Denis Smith?" "Denis, this is Drusilla Beyfus."

When introducing young marrieds the formal way is to say "Mr. and Mrs." But mostly people say, "This is Peter and Joan Brown," leaving it open whether Joan is his wife or his sister. When introducing older married couples or older single people it is more usual to say Mr. and Mrs. or Miss or Mr.

Late arrivals

SAY the names of the new arrivals at once and then introduce, one by one, all the other people there. "This is Mr. and Mrs. Brown (or Peter and Joan Brown) . . . Denis Smith, Jenny Richards, Captain Fogey."

Important guests

MOST people settle for saying the names of both clearly and putting the important name first, "Mr. Gosport, this is John Brown." Should you be introducing the important Mr. Gosport to a woman, make up your own mind. In either case give the important person's surname only, plus Mr.

People with 'handles'

AMONG close friends handles of all sorts are usually dropped and Christian names and surnames are used. The Air Vice-Marshal Lord Thomas, Brigadier-General Sir Richard, and Lord Hambleden, become Tom, Dick, and Harry plus the surname.

The theory about dropping a handle is that people there know all about them already. The theory behind using a person's full title is that you are placing them for the benefit of other people.

Today introduction can be more casual—but how casual can you get?

When desperate with uncertainty and with a General Sir Somebody on your hands our advice is to use the lot.

Celebrities

THE usual form is to use the celebrated name in full—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Sutherland.

If the married couple are each celebrated under different names, and the occasion is a private one, introduce them under the husband's name, e.g. Mr. and Mrs. John McCallum. If they are appearing in a professional capacity then of course it should be Miss Googie Withers and Mr. John McCallum.

Formal

IT is no good imagining that the new informality which extends to so many aspects of modern life applies to addressing titled people on formal occasions.

There is no chance of getting by with a casual "you" when introduced to a person with an imposing handle to his name. Naturally, if you make a mistake no one is more aware of it than the titled person you are addressing and the people round him.

A sense of the ridiculous is fatally out of place with titled children.

Nothing brought this home more clearly than the day when a butler at some stately home solemnly remarked of the three-year-old son of the house, "His Lordship is in the nursery playing with his trains."

Shaking hands

LIKE so much else concerned with Western manners, there is nothing cut and dried about the question of shaking hands when people meet. Some people do, others don't, and the social consequences are absurd to see.

First one puts out a hand, while the other says hallo, and keeps her hand firmly by her side. Then they both give an awkward laugh and say that they never know whether to shake hands or not. And there the matter has rested for many years.

Few people shake hands when they meet frequently. The peculiar uncertainty that grips this social situation only occurs when strangers meet.

The best advice to give is, if you like shaking hands do so, but don't dicker. Of course, if someone holds out a hand you must shake it unless you intend to be deliberately rude.

Saying goodbye

PEOPLE seem to shake hands more often when they say goodbye. This is because it is a final gesture which draws a conversation to a close.

There are certain formal occasions on which you are expected to shake hands—when you are formally introduced to someone of importance, when you meet the hosts at a reception, when you are introduced to someone from places where they always do, when you are saying farewell and it is for some time, and when you meet children.

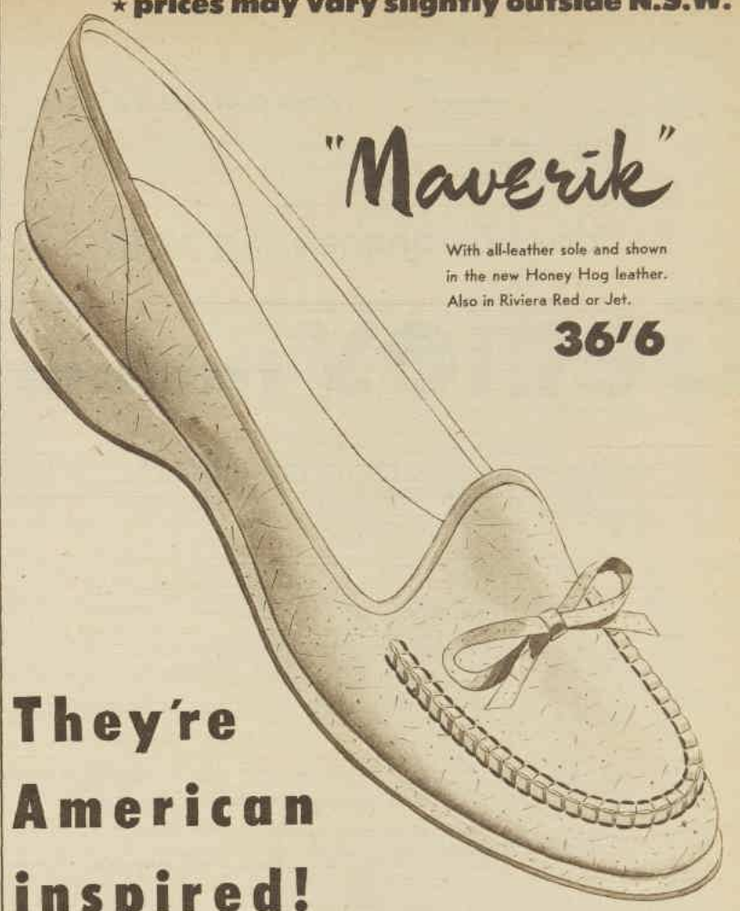
Oddly enough, although the English, in particular, are rather reticent about shaking hands, certain of them are growing tremendously keen on saying "Hello" and "Goodbye" with a social kiss.

Affectionate though this is, the gesture is no more than a peck on the cheek. Those adroit at the formal kiss know how to offer a cheek for a peck, and to peck back if they are inclined.

However much you may pine not to be kissed by the whiskery gentleman, there is no escaping unless you wish to seem unpardonably unsociable. You must offer up your peach-bloom cheek, and hope for better luck next time.

NEXT WEEK: Modern Courtship

★ prices may vary slightly outside N.S.W.



"Maverik"

With all-leather sole and shown in the new Honey Hog leather. Also in Riviera Red or Jet.

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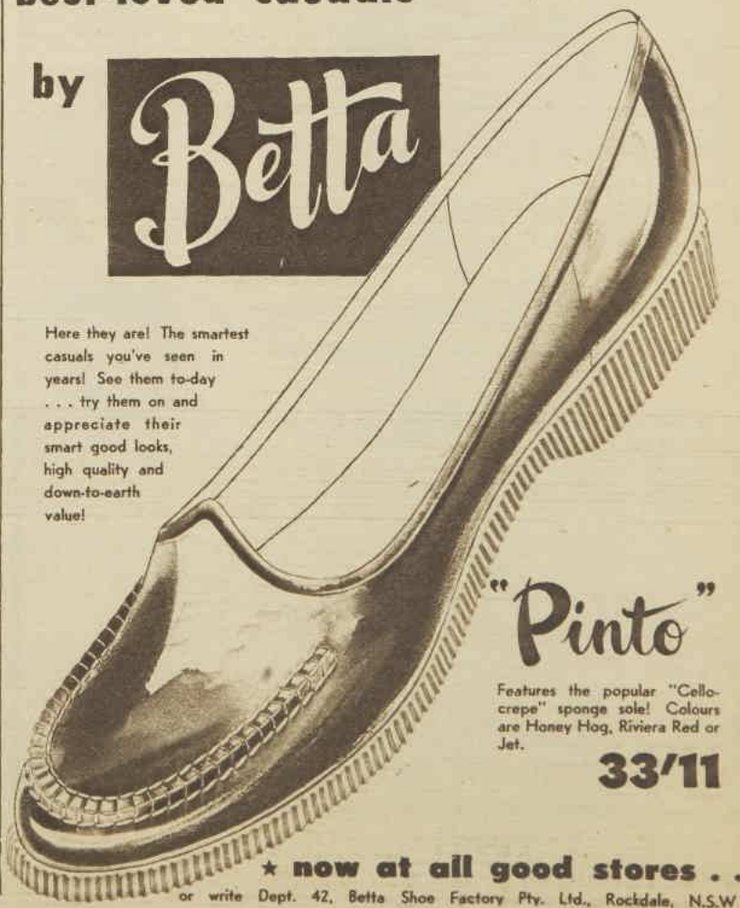

Here they are! The smartest casuals you've seen in years! See them to-day . . . try them on and appreciate their smart good looks, high quality and down-to-earth value!

"Pinto"

Features the popular "Cellocrepe" sponge sole! Colours are Honey Hog, Riviera Red or Jet.

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BUTCH

"Who's ever gonna know, anyway?"

MOTHER

"I could almost make out with the money, if only I didn't have to pay for the food, clothes, and rent."

It seems to me

By

THE only way to save money is to stay out of shops.

I have always suspected this. Now, after meeting Mr. M. M. Zimmerman, founder of the Supermarket Institute of America, I'm convinced of it.

Mr. Zimmerman is in Australia to lecture at the Modern Merchandising Methods Convention which begins at Sydney Showground on February 25.

A grey-haired, grey-moustached gentleman, he wears rimless glasses and spreads the gospel of the supermarket in a soft, beguiling American accent.

When he talks of "Mrs. Consumer" his tone is reverent.

"If you leave Mrs. Consumer alone," he says (and you can almost hear mood music in the background when he speaks these words), "she'll buy more than any salesman can sell her."

When I went to the Press reception for Mr. Zimmerman I was already wary.

I had read advance stories on the convention in a paper called "The Retail Week" and learned that warmed rails around refrigerators tempt Mrs. Consumer to rest her arms, ponder, and buy. And there was an alarming headline which read: "Non-foods are top impulse buys."

In other words, when you come back from a cash-and-carry loaded with plastic gadgets you don't want you're reacting exactly as intended.

Orchids, for instance, are sold in some American supermarkets. They are non-foods, and likewise, impulse buys.

"What other unusual things are sold in supermarkets?" I asked Mr. Zimmerman.

"All sorts," he said, flummoxed for a strange enough example.

"You ought to take back some kangaroos," interrupted a frivolous guest.

Mr. Zimmerman's eyes lit up. "Say, that's a great idea," he said. "Think of a kangaroo with soap powders in its pouch. That would be a winner."

I crept quietly away to telephone the grocer.

* * *

PARENTS of clever children are not without troubles.

Father of a ten-year-old girl was proud when this year she entered an Opportunity Class (for advanced pupils). Now he isn't so sure.

Every night she brings home a question to which she is supposed to find the answer, if possible, before next morning.

Samples from four consecutive nights:
How far is the earth off its axis?
How does a ball-point pen operate?
Describe how car brakes work.

If the Darling River were suitable for damming, which Government would be responsible?

These questions are evidently designed to test the child's capacity for research.

"Or mine," says father gloomily.

FURTHER notes on that habit of putting dead matches back in the box.

A correspondent writes: "My husband and I are both fairly heavy smokers. He smokes a pipe, uses a box of matches a day. In ten years of marriage he tried all methods of preventing me from returning dead-heads to the box. Finally, a cigarette lighter saved me from divorce."

But consider the dangers of a cigarette lighter. Owners defend them as passionately as motorists defend their favorite cars.

Non-owners have an offensve habit of picking up a lighter, clicking it furiously, and crying, "These things never work."

"Here, give it to me," says the owner. "You're not holding it properly."

If it flames the tension eases. If it doesn't things go from bad to worse.

Between husband and wife there are often dangerous exchanges about the need of fuel and flints.

Any observer can tell you that match-mixing is nothing compared with a lighter for sparking off a domestic quarrel.

* * *

A FRENCH girl, keen to speak English with an Australian flavor, has been listening eagerly to slang.

An Australian friend said to her one day, "You're as silly as a two-bob watch," and another day, "You're as mad as a meat-axe."

The French girl was delighted with these expressions. She brought down the house at a party last week when she said to her husband, "Cheri, you are as silly as a two o'clock axe."

* * *

AT the recent Travel Association conference in Canberra, Mr. R. K. Kimball, proprietor of a hotel in Hawaii, said Sydney's hotels were "appalling and ghastly." He described morning tea as a quaint custom, and a waste of time for American tourists.

Oh, sir, speak not so lightly of such things.
Granted our pubs lack much, but hark to me!
Quaint though our customs, yet the native clings—
And how he clings — to early morning tea.

On fibre mattresses I've tossed and turned
In outback hostelries whose meals, three-course,
Featured such food as you have doubtless spurned,
With the ubiquitous tomato sauce.

And yet at dawn, that early morning cup
Has steeled my soul to face another day.
How I have missed it sometimes, waking up
In luxury surroundings, far away.

Our food and bathrooms, sir, we'll try to fix,
Aim to improve our service out of sight,
But morning tea, sir, brought to us at six.
Like your iced water, is a sacred rite.

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Quick 'n lively breakfasts with

If your family's idea of a good breakfast is "Anything—so long as it's Kellogg's Corn Flakes", they'll enjoy them even more if you sometimes change the pace. Look how easy—and delicious—it can be! Better still, find out — at breakfast time.

FRUIT FIESTA.

Fruit and crunchy Kellogg's Corn Flakes were **meant** to go together—but that doesn't mean the same fruit all the time! Take your family by surprise with luscious melon or papaw . . . fresh or stewed figs . . . a sliced banana mixed with rosy rhubarb.

SUGAR 'N' SPICE

—especially brown sugar—are a natural with the rich, satisfying flavour of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Sprinkle each serving generously with brown sugar and cinnamon—or serve a big jug of spiced milk (warm or cold milk flavoured to taste with sugar, cinnamon, nutmeg.)

APPLE-IN-THE-NEST.

Just reheat baked apples (cooked the day before) in a rustling golden nest of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. (Guaranteed to keep out winter shivers!) On warm mornings, serve APPLE CRUNCH: ice-cold stewed apple topped with Kellogg's Corn Flakes and well-chilled creamy milk.

RAISIN ROUNDUP.

Ever tried tossing a few raisins or sultanas with your Kellogg's Corn Flakes? They add iron and grape-sugar to a breakfast already wonderfully rich in protein and energy values. Chopped dates or peanuts get cheers from little folk.

BREAKFAST COCKTAIL

On the principle that two good cereals are sometimes even better than one, why not serve a cocktail some bright morning? Just combine your flavour-loaded, energy-loaded Kellogg's Corn Flakes with crisp Kellogg's Rice Bubbles . . . nut-sweet All-Bran or Bran Flakes . . . or Kellogg's new pre-sweetened Sugar Frosted Flakes.

SUNSHINE SPECIAL

—for our land of milk and honey! Big, crisp, sunshiny Kellogg's Corn Flakes, little rivulets of pure golden honey, cream or creamy milk! (For not-so-sweet-tooths, try **flavouring** the milk with honey instead.) Another morning, try golden syrup. Maple syrup tastes delicious, too.

Enjoy them every morning!

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

give you more for your money—more flavour, more food value, more eating-fun for the whole family.

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An Australian still despite U.S. success

● **Cyril Ritchard, 58-year-old Australian actor who is now one of America's most successful stage directors as well as a top-line television star, says he will always remain an Australian.**

CYRIL and his wife, Madge Elliott, who died in 1955, were the darlings of the Australian stage in the early 1930s. After their marriage in 1935, they left for London and Broadway.

"Australia looked up to Madge and me, and I think they'd think I was ratting if I didn't retain my Australian citizenship," he said.

FAMOUS ACTOR Cyril Ritchard describes himself as the only non-singer ever engaged by the Metropolitan Opera, New York.

Cyril has again made show-business history in America, storming the Metropolitan Opera to put on the frothiest bit of nonsense ever staged in that citadel of Wagner, Mozart, and Puccini.

It is "La Perichole," written by Jacques Offenbach in 1868. And Ritchard has used it as an extension of his personality, adapting, staging, and producing it as well as playing the lead role opposite soprano Patrice Munsel.

"I am the only performer ever engaged by the Metropolitan Opera in spite of his voice," says Cyril.

But he makes up for his croaking (he admits to possessing only three notes) in other ways.

He is witty, literate, and steeped in theatrical lore; he has retained and improved upon the charm that delighted Australian and British audiences when he and Madge were a team.

Today Ritchard is at once the busiest of television actors and directors.

Broadway producers clamor for him, and the Metropolitan Opera would doubtless put a higher price on his talents than those of any prima donna.

"La Perichole" opened at the Met. amid the muttering of musical purists and traditionalists.

But when the curtain rang down, newspaper critics sounded like boys who had been to their first Western.

The New York "Times'" Howard Taubman wrote: "Move over, Broadway, and make room for the Met!"

Indeed, since its Metropolitan premiere, "Perichole" has played without exception to full houses, while other items in the repertory—"La Boheme," "La Traviata," "Das Rheingold" — have attracted only the usual mediocre box-office.

"Perichole" (pronounced Peri-KOLE) is a French rendering of the original Peruvian "Perricholi," meaning "bitch."

The current version was freely adapted into English by Maurice Valency, working closely with Ritchard. The score, too, borrows from other Offenbachiana.

THE CHARGER which carries Cyril Ritchard on to the stage of the famous Metropolitan Opera House, New York, is a docile ass. The production is "La Perichole," in which he plays and sings the role of the Viceroy, Don Andres.

"The main job in putting 'La Perichole' on to the sacred boards of the Metropolitan," Cyril said, "was to ignore the fact that the boards were sacred.

"This operetta is a souffle, and must be treated as such. Nothing serious or heavy must be allowed near until after the final curtain."

So Ritchard proceeded as if he were producing a musical for Broadway.

Though critics praised the work as a delightful romp, there were unanimous tongue-in-cheek reservations about the singing of Ritchard, playing the Viceroy, Don Andres.

Said one: "The versatile Briton (sic) acts, and, after a fashion, sings the role of the pining Viceroy."

Another: "He sings without self-consciousness, though his voice is a mirage."

And again: "The stage director deserves double pay . . . he was very amusing and even had the delightful effrontery to sing.

"He did all right, and while he has only a croaking voice, by Jove, he was on pitch, and even held his own in the ensembles. There are quite a few singers in the business who can do neither."

In the past 12 months Ritchard has put on two Broadway plays, and has appeared in and directed six 90-minute TV plays or musicals.

His most memorable Broadway and TV success was an uproarious Captain Hook to Mary Martin's Peter in a musical version of "Peter Pan."

Ritchard has left Captain Hook, but it's odds-on he will lose none of his following with his superb Gilbertian delivery of "La Perichole's" gay songs.

One song, which he croaks among the leggiest chorus girls to invade the Met., begins: "Ah, when trumpets call to battle . . ."

And it ends: "Ah, how delightful, delightful, delightful, to snuggle, nice and warm, in bed."

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Smooth, fine skin with baby-clear freshness — that's a Pears complexion. Pears, famous as a skin care, is entirely different from any other soap.

Why Pears is so pure

Each tablet is matured for a full fourteen weeks, to ensure perfect blending of its fine oils, to make it wonderfully mild, *completely* pure. That's why regular Pears care makes your skin finer, smoother, clearer. Why not give yourself the luxury of this high quality soap for the bath, too?

Pears . . . so pure you can see right through it

ECONOMICAL ! LASTS LONGER — NO WASTE !

Pears lasts longer because it's thoroughly matured, contains no moisture, never goes soggy. Even the last little fragment can be used — it fits neatly into the hollow of a new cake and becomes part of it.

Ps.78.WW744

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WELL-KNOWN DOCTOR WEDS. Dr. Murray Jackson and his bride, Cynthia Franklin Smith, and her mother, Mrs. Charles Lamont, after their wedding at St. Mary the Boltons Church, London, England. Murray is the only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. S. H. Jackson, of Darling Point.

LONDON WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wade, who were married in the Holy Trinity Church, London. The bride was Ann Robertson, daughter of Mrs. J. C. Robertson, of Point Piper.

LEAVING St. Philip's, Church Hill, are Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Sibly. Mrs. Sibly was Phyllis Rowell, daughter of Mrs. K. Rowell, of Katoomba, and the late Mr. Rowell, and Sidney is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sibly, of Rose Bay.

LEGACY DANCE. Max Connery and Gay Ducker wave to friends from the surrey used in stage play "Oklahoma," which stood in the foyer of the Trocadero for the Valentine Night dance arranged by the combined Legacy Younger Sets.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

ONE father of the bride who will play a doubly important role at his daughter's wedding is Major-General the Reverend C. A. Osborne, of Vaucluse, who will give away his younger daughter, Archia, and also perform the marriage ceremony.

Archia will marry Geoff Henderson at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on Friday, February 22. She will be attended by her sister Hilary and by Judith Magnus.

Geoff is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. S. Henderson, of "Trentham," Goulburn. Best man at the wedding will be Geoff's brother Peter, who married Heather Menzies, daughter of the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies.

After a holiday at Lord Howe Island, Archia and Geoff will move into a new house which has been built at "Trentham," about 100 yards from the main homestead.

• • •

SPECIAL trip to Sydney from Adelaide for Mrs. Bruce Marston, who was matron of honor when her sister, Patricia Walding, was married at St. Michael's, Vaucluse. Patricia, the younger daughter of Mrs. P. J. Walding, of Rose Bay, and the late Mr. Walding, married Bruce Dean, of Wollstonecraft.

AFTER a week on the beach at Collaroy, Mrs. Bev McKay, of "The Overflow," Warren, is off to Surfers' Paradise with the George Falkiners and their little daughters, Frances and Suzanne. The Falkiners have been down in Sydney for a week or so — they were unable to come any earlier because of the bushfire danger near their home, "Haddon Rig," Warren.

• • •

BESIDES the usual fun and excitement of Orientation Week for freshers at the University of Sydney there will be an added thrill for the girl students this year. Orientation Week (now an annual event) begins on March 4, and for the first three days the organisers will be on the lookout for four freshers to take part in a mannequin parade in the Union Hall on Thursday, March 7. Proceeds of the mannequin parade will go to the World University Service.

SHOW OF EIGHTS. Jenny Roche stands beside the painting she purchased at the Macquarie Galleries annual show of pictures priced at eight guineas. Jenny bought Elaine Haxton's China Drawing (lower picture) after queuing overnight outside the gallery for more than thirty hours.

COUNTRY INTEREST. Mr. and Mrs. Doug Anthony after their wedding at All Saints' Church, Murwillumbah. Bride was formerly Margot Budd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alton Budd. Doug is the son of the Hon. H. L. Anthony, M.P. The newlyweds will live at "Sunnymeadows," Murwillumbah.

HAT SHOW. June Massey models a hat by St. Cyr at Henriette Lamotte's show watched by Mrs. Alan Copeland and Mrs. Reg Moses (right). 69 hats—most of them original French models —were shown and proceeds aided the Peter Pan Free Kindergarten.

WHEN Orsova sails for England on March 8 there will be a gay boatload of young people on board, all looking forward to the voyage round the Cape. Teenagers Anne and Barbara Giblin will travel with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Giblin, of "Mullengah," Gulargambone. Another family group will be the Jim Ashtons, of "Millamolong," Mandurama, with their daughters, Rosemary and Joan, who will be overseas for about ten months.

• • •

FROM South Africa comes news of the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Murray Brookes (she was formerly Marilynne Rogers, of Clifton Gardens), who are now living in Alberton in the Transvaal. The baby will be christened Evelyn Anne.

• • •

LETTERS bubbling over with enthusiasm are being sent home by country lasses Sandra Bragg, of "Rossgole," Aberdeen, and Sue Carnegie, of Holbrook—they are now visiting Italy for a month before travelling on to Austria for some ski-ing. This is Sandra's second trip overseas . . . she arrived in England with Sue in January.

NOT all the "oohs" and "aahs" of admiration heard at the Henriette Lamotte show of hats for autumn-winter were meant for the hats . . . a superb collection of furs was also shown. And there was an extra round of applause for the hats trimmed with fur — especially one forward-tilted bowler of mink tied in centre-back with a perky black bow. The parade was held on two consecutive days (150 attended the first and 100 the second).

• • •

BRIEFLY . . . Motor yacht enthusiasts had a great day recently when the Vice-Commodore of the Port Hacking branch of the Royal Motor Yacht Club entertained at the club. The Vice-Commodore, Mr. B. W. Moore, and Mrs. Moore and their guests watched the races after afternoon tea.

Anne

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✻ *"Monday Morning in Park Road"* Actual photograph of section of Park Road, Naremburn, N.S.W.

Nine in a row put brand-new Brightness in their wash with RINSO's richer, softer suds

THERE ARE the pretty young mothers, the pretty young grandmothers, too; the working wives and the ones who "just stay home and look after our husbands" — but, like good home-makers all over Australia they agree on one thing: When it comes to washing-day, you can trust Rinso to give you perfect results time after time. Whether it's copper or washing machine, those lively Rinso suds give whites and coloureds a brand-new brightness. And those same rich Rinso suds are the softest suds this side of heaven. Haven't you noticed how many women with nice hands use Rinso for washing-up?

✻ *As in Park Road you'll find a Rinso-bright wash in 7 out of every 10 homes in every street of Australia*

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Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

Jobs that involve travel in Australia always attract young people. Most of them involve a lot of hard work, but they do give valuable experience while you have a look at your own country.

A JOB as a train waitress is one young girl's ambition. Here is her letter:

"I HAVE always wanted to have a job which included travelling, but it is hard as I haven't my Intermediate Certificate. Do they have waitresses on interstate trains? Who would I contact on this sort of work. I have worked three years as a salesgirl. I am 18 years old."

"Interested," N.S.W.

You can see a lot of Australia if you work as a train waitress, but you would have to see the country State by State as different conditions in the different States mean that waitresses do not cross the State borders. Greatest opportunity seems to exist in N.S.W., but from the following information you can make your pick:

NEW SOUTH WALES.—Vacancies exist at present for train waitresses. Applicants 21 or over are preferred, although girls under 21 are sometimes employed. Starting salary is £11/2/6 a week, plus commission on sales, and most girls' pay averages £26 to £28 a fortnight. Girls are provided with free uniforms, free meals on the job, and free accommodation when it is necessary to stay overnight at the end of a trip.

Waitresses are employed on trains from Sydney to Canberra, Canberra-Monaro, terminating at Cooma, Northern Tablelands Express to Armidale, North Coast Daylight Express to Grafton, Sydney to Newcastle Fliers, Central-West Express to Orange, Dubbo to Parkes and return, the Silver City Comet, Parkes to Broken Hill, South Coast Daylight Express, Sydney to Nowra, Sydney to Kempsey, Sydney-Melbourne Daylight Express to Albury, Riverina Express to Albury.

All the trains mentioned above are day trains. Waitresses are also employed on a number of short night runs.

Girls generally prefer to work on one specified route, but they can ask to be moved from route to route, or be employed as a "standby girl" to fill an emergency or holiday vacancy on a train staff on any route.

Applications for jobs should be made to the General Manager, Railway Refreshment Rooms, Central Railway Station, Sydney.

QUEENSLAND: No vacancies at present. Applicants, when jobs are available, should apply for a personal interview with the manager of the R.R.R. in Brisbane or the manageress of the R.R.R. at country stations. Girls should be 17 or over, and before being accepted as a train waitress must serve in station refreshment-rooms.

Train waitresses are carefully selected from trained personnel to work on one of four air-conditioned trains in Queensland.

These trains are "The Sunlander," from Brisbane to Cairns, "The Inlander," from Townsville to Mt. Isa, "The Midlander," from Rockhampton to Winton, and "The Westlander," from Brisbane to Cunnamulla.

Refreshment - room waitresses receive a salary of £8/15/3 for a 40-hour week worked at times in broken shifts.

Train waitresses earn £9/6/3 a week. In addition to their wages, refreshment-room staff and train waitresses are provided with all their meals and free hostel accommodation in Brisbane and at all country centres where there are refreshment rooms.

Girls who do not live at the hostels receive an additional £1 a week accommodation allowance.

Railway waitresses are supplied with uniforms by the Department, which also launders them.

Married women with husbands to support them are not eligible for waitress jobs with the Queensland railways.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: The only train which uses waitresses in South Australia is the East-West cafeteria train, which runs from Adelaide to Port Pirie. Waitresses are accepted from 16 to 45 and the wage varies according to age from £5/15/- a week to £9/14/6. As can be seen from this, South Australian railways do not offer any wide opportunities.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Opportunities here are also limited, as the only trains employing waitresses are the two trains, The Westland Express and the Kalgoorlie Express. Breakfast is the only meal served on the Westland train; dinner on the Kalgoorlie. Waitresses are accepted from 18. Starting salary is £8/10/1 a week, but girls who apply must have had some previous waiting experience.

VICTORIA: Details of available jobs can only be obtained by applying to the Superintendent of Railways, Refreshment Services Branch, Flinders Street Station, Melbourne.

A word from Debbie...

ARE you a smoothie on all occasions? You are if you know the simple rules of etiquette for dates. Here they are:

In and out of the pictures: The girl follows the usherette, the boy follows the girl. If there is no attendant the boy leads the way and finds the seats.

In and out of a tram: The girl gets on first (with a helping hand from her escort) but is last off.

In, and out of the weather: The boy holds the umbrella and his date's arm.

In and out of a coat: A boy helps his girl.

DISC DIGEST

A LONG-PLAY record recently released vividly demonstrates the change in pattern over the years of the musical comedy. Once heroes were winsome, but now the accent is on the unglamorous character who is getting on in years. This is stressed in the original Broadway-cast recording of "By The Beautiful Sea," which has music by Arthur Schwartz and lyrics by Dorothy Fields.

The star is Shirley Booth, fair, fat, and fortyish, with a voice rather like that of a sightly crazy child suffering from a giant-sized cluster of adenoids. Despite these impediments—which turn out to be an asset because she has great charm and is a magnificent artist—she carries this LP album into the top bracket of recorded shows.

Period is 1907, the setting Coney Island. Shirley, a vaudeville performer, is spending her vacation at the theatrical boarding - house which she and her father own. An autumnal romance blossoms between Shirley and veteran Wilbur Evans, an out-of-work Shakespearian actor. Wilbur, by the way, is the Broadway star who played Ezio Pinza's part in London opposite Mary Martin. He has a fine voice and "presence."

Shirley sings the title number, and a grand comedy routine called "I'd Rather Wake Up By Myself." She also pops up here and there throughout a score which is always melodious and warm-hearted. Perhaps the most enjoyable song of all is "Alone Too Long," Wilbur's love song to Shirley, whom he wins after she makes a zany parachute jump in order to earn a cash prize for him. You can hear the show on S.531.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

Tact deodorant soap

safeguards your freshness,

all over, all day

as no ordinary soap can..

New miracle

Tact deodorant soap

actually keeps perspiration

Odour-Free

☆ **PROVED BY LABORATORY TESTS**

to wash away up to 95% of the germs which actually cause perspiration odour

Gentle, fragrant Tact makes perspiration odour a thing of the past.

Tact Deodorant Soap contains a great, new anti-odour discovery — miracle ingredient G11, known to science as *hexachlorophene*.

G11 HEXACHLOROPHENE

Perspiration odour is caused by germs! Perspiration has no odour—at first — but the germs which live on *everybody's* skin quickly cause it to decompose, become offensive. Tact, with G11, washes away up to 95% of these odour-causing germs and stands guard against new germs on your skin.

You can wash over and over with ordinary soap and thousands of these germs stay—but, when Tact's miracle ingredient has removed these odour-causing germs, you *can't* offend.

Wonderful for complexions, too!

Tact helps clear up surface blemishes and minor skin infections, is ideal for teen-age skin problems. *G11 is so gentle it's used in baby lotions.*

BUY TACT DEODORANT SOAP IN THE BIG BATH SIZE . . . *and SAVE MONEY!*

REGULAR SIZE 1/- BATH SIZE 1/5

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

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Her feet are her hands

● Mrs. Shirley Winter, wife of a Sydney engineer, a polio victim since childhood, has trained her feet to be her hands. She now uses them so adeptly that she is teaching other sufferers who are paralysed to use their feet as hands.

By STEPHANIE ROSS

MRS. WINTER, with her clever feet, runs her four-roomed flat at Double Bay, weaves carpets, makes curtains, sews for charity organisations, even dabbles at welding at her husband's workbench.

"Until I married," Mrs. Winter said, "I was waited on hand and foot. Then I realised I would have to learn to do things for myself, so I started picking up small things with my toes."

Her brown eyes sparkled. "It didn't exactly come to me overnight. I had to persevere."

With perseverance she exercised her feet for a year until they were supple enough to replace her hands.

She learnt to make beds and sew curtains, curled her toes round needles and pens until she could sew and write.

Refusing to allow setbacks to defeat her, she gradually learned to run her flat, using her ingenuity to manipulate small obstacles—switches, door handles, and taps.

She and her husband searched until they found some old-fashioned lever taps, so that Shirley could twist them with her toes. The door-knobs were replaced by curved handles; the light switches she flicked on with her chin.

Looking around the Winters' flat, you are not aware of any furnishing differences.

Only in the kitchen, if you look carefully, will you notice that the cupboards are low. Mrs. Winter stretched out a toe, pulled aside a curtain, and lifted a saucepan on to the gas stove.

"I don't look for difficulties or extra work," she said. "If there is a heavy joint in the oven, I usually wait until my husband comes home and he takes it out.

"I'll wash up if I have to, by hopping on to the draining-board and putting my feet in the sink."

"Did you do those?" I asked, seeing neatly folded piles of ironing on the bed.

"Yes," she said. "I keep the iron and the board behind the settee in the lounge."

I followed Mrs. Winter into the lounge. With one foot, she drew out the ironing-board. "I've got used to balancing on one leg," she explained. "It doesn't worry me at all."

She told me that ironing was simple, much easier to learn than knitting or writing.

I watched her:

- Pick up a pair of knitting needles and knit deftly.
- Light a cigarette, flicking the lighter with her big toe.
- Pick up the cigarette packet with her left foot and write on it with the pen held in her right foot.

"I would like to help other people to overcome their disabilities," she said. "I'd like to visit them, but I can't use a car.

"I have a little electric three-wheeler and I am having it adapted. The foot controls will make it easier for me to manage."

Mrs. Winter offered her services to the Polio and Physically Handicapped Society and they willingly accepted.

She is now helping three women back to the road of normal living by instructing them how to use their feet in place of their hands.

I went first to visit Mrs. Hazel Pope Sitters, of Hunter's Hill, whose arms have been partly paralysed for six years.

"With three children, I find housework difficult," she said. "Phillip, my eldest son, is very good in the house, although he's only eleven.

"Mrs. Winter showed me how to use my feet," Mrs. Pope Sitters said. "I have tried; I can wiggle my toes more than before, but I'm inclined to rely on half using my arms."

Next I went to Carlingford to see Mrs. Dorothy Davidson, whose left arm has been paralysed for three years. She has two daughters, one aged five and Jan eight months.

MRS. SHIRLEY WINTER, right, teaches Mrs. Dorothy Davidson how to use her feet to change a nappy for eight-months-old Jan Davidson.

"I manage to do most things around the house, but I have to keep my arm in a splint," she said.

Mrs. Winter sat on the couch and held chubby Jan in her feet. "Does her nappy need changing?" she asked Mrs. Davidson.

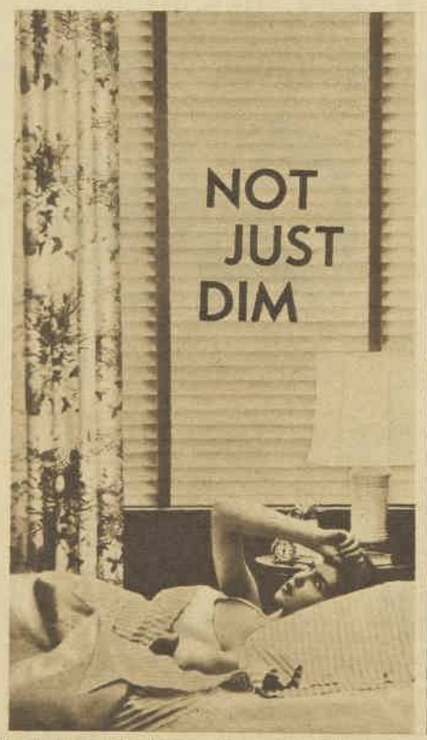
I could hardly believe my eyes as I watched Mrs. Winter opening nursery-size safety pins with her toes, and neatly changing Jan's nappy.

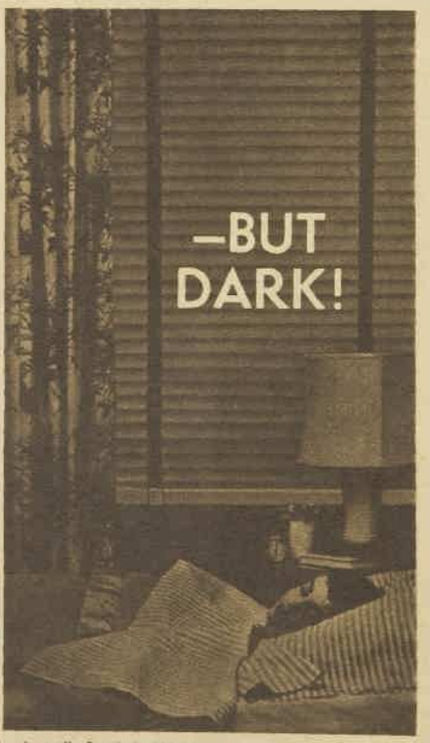
Mrs. Davidson said she had been worried at the prospect of coping one-handed with a baby, but now does most things. "But I can't change nappies," she said. "I think Mrs. Winter is amazing."

So she is. Living a busier life than many able-bodied people, she is one of the happiest women I have met. She has a genuine desire to help others — to make them realise how much there is to do in life; to show them how to accomplish it.

PET BUDGERIGAR watches as Mrs. Winter knits.

Now! The only blind that makes any room





the amazing new all-metal

Luxaflex

TWI-NIGHTER

the newest concept in venetians

Here is the greatest advancement in venetian blinds . . . the remarkable, all-metal Luxaflex Twi-Nighter, that shuts so tight you can turn day into night, just by flicking the cord. Keeps out 6 times more light than conventional blinds as proved by independent laboratory tests. It lets you sleep later in the morning . . . helps with baby's afternoon nap . . . home movies or TV on the sunniest day.

Only the new, all-metal Luxaflex Twi-Nighter blind gives you such complete light control, privacy and ventilation.

Time tested in America and acclaimed throughout the world, Luxaflex Twi-Nighter Venetians incorporate all the famous all-metal Luxaflex exclusive features from sleek metal head to perfectly contoured bottom rail, and are available in a glorious colour range at stores throughout Australia.

Luxaflex Twi-Nighter is manufactured from the design and materials of Hunter Douglas Australia Pty. Ltd., 338-346 Victoria Rd., Rydalmere, N.S.W.

Only the all-metal Luxaflex Twi-Nighter gives you these exclusive features:

new shut tight design

wipe-clean plastic tapes

snap-back slats

non-slip tilt control

crash-proof cord lock

FREE!

Brand-new 16-page decorating brochure "Home Decorating Ideas by Luxaflex." Write now to Dept. N 18 Hunter Douglas Australia Pty. Ltd.

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These three people have something in common . . .

Good grooming . . . and more !

They've chosen clothes fitted with *'LIGHTNING'* zippers. The smooth-running zipper that's fully guaranteed, now available with matching metal 'n tape in fashion colours.

Match-up your fastenings with your fashions . . . *'LIGHTNING'* coloured zippers are packaged for easy selection in sizes and colours to suit every style. Select from the *'LIGHTNING'* dispenser at your favourite store.

RED PACK, lightweight, for skirts

GREEN PACK, open-end, for jackets

BLACK PACK, featherweight, for frocks

Manufactured by :
IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LTD.

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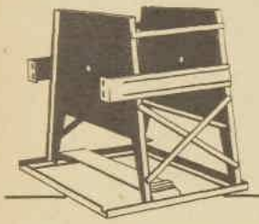
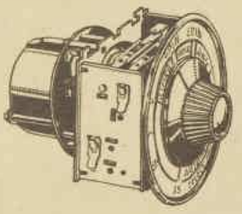
This page is especially for husbands

WE WANT YOU TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT GOES ON INSIDE A

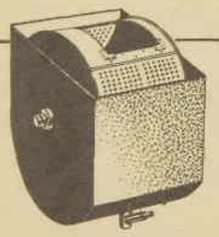
MALLEYS Automatic
WASHING MACHINE



14-gauge steel (same gauge used in today's most modern cars) makes the frame. It is of box-type construction, strongly welded — and rust-proofed for life.

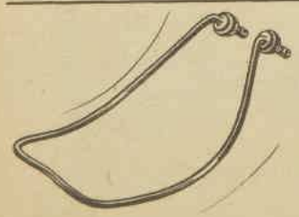


This is the "brains" of the machine — the unique timer. Driven by an electric self-starting motor, cams actuate electrical contacts and control operations of the 2 main motors, the water inlet valve and the pump solenoid.



Basket and tank are of non-rusting allodised aluminium. No other material gives the same, fine results.

Bearings are of sintered bronze, impregnated with oil, as used in aircraft. They show less wear over a longer period than any other type of bearing in any other washing machine.

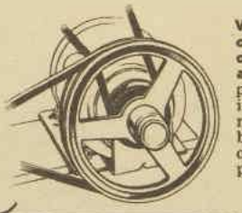


The built-in heating element can never burn out! A special device makes it virtually impossible for the element to operate until there is the right amount of water in the tank.

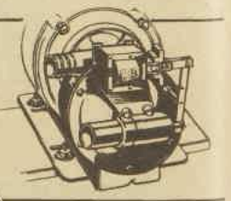
IT'S SO EASY TO PUT A MALLEYS IN YOUR HOME!

It doesn't need a hot water system. You may buy it on the easiest of terms (and use your old washer as a trade-in). Installation is free of charge to approved sites. Costs less than any other comparable machine: 171 guineas, or 142 guineas with single-dial control (prices slightly higher in country areas). Remember: Malleys has been tried and tested in Australian homes for years, and has won the confidence and respect of thousands of Australian housewives and their husbands.

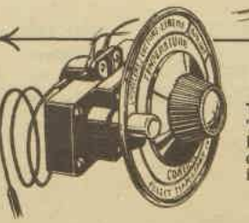
We've taken the Malleys to pieces, so you can see for yourself that its lovely appearance is backed up by the finest design techniques and materials.
The one thing we **can't** show you is the Malleys in action . . . the way it washes, rinses, spin dries and turns itself off completely automatically . . . the beautiful, fresh **cleanness** of the finished wash. But your dealer will be glad to give you and your wife a demonstration. See him soon.



Whole transmission of the machine operates through an overdrive permanently sealed in oil. There are no clutches or gear boxes to wear out or create service problems.



The centrifugal pump is the most powerful of its type, to get rid of washing and rinsing waters in seconds.



Temperature control. Thermostat cuts off heating element when desired temperature is reached.

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Special Supplement

AUTUMN FASHIONS

By BETTY KEEP

THE most important thing about the coming autumn season is that Paris has created enough controversy in fashion for women to cease being sheep. A woman can be unashamedly flattered by fur, romantic in chiffon, adventurous with skirt lengths, chic in a cape, dramatic in a hat.

The kind of fashion era coming up is full of clothes for the fashion adventuress, some startling enough to knock the sunglasses off your nose right now. It is also a romantic feminine season in which ethereal chiffon, white fur, black velvet all help to create the clinging-vine illusion.

Even newer is the sharply defined difference between the clothes worn for 6 o'clock and those for daytime.

It is, too, a comfortable season. The new capes, fur-lined coats, the coat-dress, and dress-jacket ensembles are all just that. Capes and cape ensembles are at the peak of fashion — right around the clock. They can be any length from shoulder to full. The cape can be part of a coat (right) or part of a jacket; at times it is small enough to stooge for a collar.

The news about the ensemble is the fact that it often has a matched look and is made in a soft pliable wool. The all-one-color right down to pointed shoes and the ensemble with a minimum of color contrast are both chic.

Put black on the color list first, but don't forget beige and a rather murky brown, purple, mauve, and lilac. Reds are darkening, plaids are coming up — made in Paris, not in the Highlands. Black and white look newly beautiful — mainly because the white this season is apt to be fur.

The fashion for fur has already been endorsed in three capital cities: Paris, London, and New York. Fur will edge, line, "hat", and flatter. Lynx, fox, possum (right), racoon are coming in quickly. Fabulous white furs, mink, ermine, and fox (our cover) will set women dreaming.

Every woman will be fascinated, too, by autumn millinery. Hats this season are quite a power in fashion, with fur hats everywhere (maybe Davy Crockett started that one), and turbans as exotic as Nabob's. At times the hat look is "strict"—watch for a brimmed casual. Lots of evening headdresses (not hats) are specially designed for the new longer-skirted 6 o'clock elegance. They are feathered, veiled, or jewelled. Under a turban the hair should be no longer than mid-neck, under a brimmed casual any length, provided it is not sleeked back.

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Autumn Fashions

Allure of evening chiffons

Chiffon is in every autumn collection, short or long, in lines that flow or lines that cling. Chiffon drifts through ballrooms, restaurants, and even overflows into late-day spheres. This year its softness takes on an extra ethereal look, because it comes in side by side (see opposite page) with lush velvets and sumptuous satins and failles. The colors that add an extra measure of news to its allure are musty spice brown, deep lilac, white — and red, looking more brilliant and spectacular than ever before.

PURPLE chiffon, yards of it, is chosen by Lanvin for the dress (right) with a long, drifting panel.

RED chiffon (below, left) cut to day-length by Lanvin. The skirt flows away from the natural waistline; the bodice is draped.

MUSTY SPICE BROWN for Dior's draped chiffon dress (above). The drapery is knotted high under the bosom above a fitted midriff. The skirt fullness is sculptured softly into a line that is completely feminine.

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Elegance and diversity in the ballroom

THE ballroom fashions here emphasise two points of interest: hemline unrest and materials of great luxury and beauty. Velvet, satin, and faille are the materials most used by the Haute Couture. Skirt lengths vary from street-length to floor-sweeping. There is also greater interest in in-between lengths. Mark our words—the varying lengths of skirts will be a factor in fashion by next spring.

Autumn Fashions

JEAN DESSES puts black satin and black velvet together (above) in a short-skirted evening dress. The skirt stops four inches below the knee. The decolletage is low-cut back and front and finished with straps.

FATH designed the intricate ball gown (below) in beige satin. The drapery is caught up in front with a diamond buckle; the skirt sweeps to the floor.

BLUE SATIN BALLGOWN (above), brilliantly designed by Christian Dior. The dress has an enormous floor-sweeping back-panel tied with narrow bands and bows of self-material.

BLACK-AND-WHITE color plan in the Fath dress (above). The black is velvet, the white mink, one of the most elegant combinations for late-day and later.

GREEN satin dress (above) from the Dior collection is short-skirted with a figure-moulding low-cut bodice-top.

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PIERRE BALMAIN. The news here is suit elegance for city wear, and the new look of long-haired furs worn with cheviot tweed. Both suits are slim, smooth, and easy, and have hipbone length jackets.

MADELEINE DE RAUCH. The color, caramel, is the news, and it's rising fast in the autumn color list. More news is the use of a single color for an entire costume and accessories.

GRIFFE. The news is based on the rage for black and the fact that with a switch of accessories one simple but beautifully made dress can extend its scope from daytime to evening.

MAGGY ROUFF. The dress equipped with its own hip-length jacket is the good news. Further news is the fur lining matched to a fur hat, and the ensemble's color—a nutty spice-brown.

The season's daytime look

Autumn Fashions

Colors, silhouettes, and details indexed by Paris designers.

CHRISTIAN DIOR. Silhouette news (left), the suit with a peg-top skirt achieved with darts at the waistline; it's a step forward to a softer and rounder hipline. News, too, is the fur cravat tucked into the neckline.

JEAN DESSES. News in the trio of street fashions (above) is the Tornado line achieved with flying back panels, or reversing the idea and sweeping the movement forward with flares, or soft, swinging pleats.

LANVIN-CASTILLO. A subtle line under the bosom, formed by a fake bolero, is the news in the one-piece dress (above). News, too, is its color —violet, flowering through every collection in light and dark shades.

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The demi-long dress

● Here it is — the big news in autumn fashions—the six o'clock dress with an ankle-length skirt, approximately 8in. from the floor.

Launched in Paris by Dior, the long-skirted dress is already selling in Australia. In New York, where it was taken by American buyers, it features in the high-price brackets.

Dior showed the longer skirtline—six models in all — in his collection last autumn. The designs were for day wear, but he found that his clients preferred the new demi-length for six p.m.

Generally, smart Parisian women have a cautious approach to this trend. Many of them are lengthening their skirts for daytime wear by only 2 inches.

Jacques Heim followed Dior with a series (shown here) for 6 p.m.-and-after. Heim's dresses bear no relation to smart daytime fashions; and maybe he is starting a fashion that will bring law and order into the cocktail hour, because, as every woman knows, dressing for this hour has been varied and often informal for some years.

Smart women all over the world will argue the pros and cons of the new skirt length. But the arguments can be resolved to: "Short skirts are for modern life — long skirts are more elegant."

However, the longer skirt must be considered as a new factor in fashion for all hours; in Australia there is still time to take a good long look at it before next spring.

No matter which school of thought you follow, this is certainly no moment to shorten any skirtline.

GREEN SATIN is used for this one-piece dress. The skirt-length, 8in. from the ground, is the length Dior experimented with in his autumn collection.

SHEATH DRESS in blue lace has a matching wrap-around cape lined with velvet to match the gloves. The new skirt-length gives an ultra-slim look.

DRESS made in blue chiffon proves how very feminine the longer skirt can look. This skirt is draped and falls to the floor in a spreading fan-like train.

BARE-TOPPED and exotic, a slender-line dress in green satin (above) trails a sash that starts from the shoulder blades. Note the white silk jersey turban.

SAPPHIRE-BLUE VELVET, one of the newest blues in Paris, is chosen for the dramatic 6 o'clock dress (above). The dress has a slender line, accentuated by the loose-swinging floor-length back-panel. The ensemble is completed with a matching feather head-dress. Velvet is enjoying a new-again vogue in late-day-and-later fashions.

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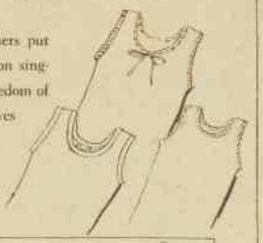

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CAPES add soft elegance to the suits (above) from the Fath collection. Both cape jackets are furlined to match the high toques.

FATH'S velvet late-day suit (above), the jacket designed with a caped back. The suit is worn with a chic Russian ballet-inspired toque.

Cape coverage

THE cape, for daytime and evening, in every fabric and color, and in all lengths, is doubly endorsed in autumn fashions by Paris and New York.

Will Australians follow this new trend? Almost certainly, but mainly in some modified form.

Any woman with a sense of fashion will know that the dramatic full-length cape is only for the tall and elegant. But it's our guess that the average fashion-conscious Australian woman will love the soft, new look of a cape jacket, a caped back, collar, and sleeves.

BEIGE dress-and-coat ensemble (above) from Jacques Heim. The cape collar of lighter beige sheepskin is matched to the coat lining.

CAPE COSTUME by Jacques Heim is made in fine charcoal-grey tweed. The three-quarter cape is luxuriously lined and collared in fur.

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Hats catch the eye as they soar

Autumn Fashions

DUO from Pierre Balmain. Left, a high topper banded in black; right, leopard skin swathed in jersey.

Hats, mostly high, add an extra measure of chic to the all-over autumn look. The turban is an international favorite; and a "casual" with height looks wonderful perched on the new wide-at-the-side hair-styles. A fur hat is Paris news — it's in every fur and every hat shape in fashion.

FATH'S fluffy black fox-fur hat (above) has a barrel-shape muff to match. The hat is worn with a slender tartan dress—and some dash.

AUTUMN-WHITE, a casual felt with a fringed edge (left), is perched, with terrific chic, on a new looped-up and wide-at-sides hair-do. It is by Carlos Medina.

EASTERN-INSPIRED turbans (above) by London milliner Simone Mirman—a gold turban, a scarlet velvet "cone," and a draped cap trimmed with a band of fur.

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Continuing . . . . Three Girls Named Almayna

from page 3

her eyes. "You don't mind about this, do you?"

"I'm not so sure," I said reprovingly.

"But it makes everything so simple," she said. "You see, we're three airline hostesses, and we're in and out on flight all around the clock. There's usually only one of us home and available at any one time. So we decided to pool all possible dates." She spread her hands appealingly.

"We take turns being Almayna. Isn't it clever? This way you aren't wasted for the evening. It would be a great pity to waste you, wouldn't it? Can I fix us a drink?"

She fussed with things in the kitchenette, and I sat down and lit a cigarette. "What will happen if I phone tomorrow?" I asked her.

"You'll get May," she called over her shoulder. "I'll be flying to Cincinnati tomorrow, and Alice will still be in Kansas City. You'll like May. She's a redhead." She came back with two glasses.

"It's sort of The Three Musketeers' idea," she said. "All for one and one for all. We share the good things of life."

"How'd you know I was a good thing?" I said.

"Because you asked for Almayna," she said quickly. "That meant Alice rated you triple-A. Quite acceptable, in other words. We're highly selective, you know. If you'd asked for Mayedal you wouldn't have been so hot."

"And if I'd asked for Edalmay?"

"If you'd asked for Edalmay you wouldn't have been worth bothering with," she said. "Now you know our secret code."

We had two drinks together, and I took her to a French restaurant I liked. After dinner it was too early to call it an evening, so we went to another place for a nightcap and a little dancing to a three-piece orchestra. I couldn't keep my eyes off her, and I practically forgot what the first syllable of Almayna looked like.

This blonde Edna was not only beautiful; she was smart. She'd graduated from a college in Ohio, and she was on her way to a Master's degree in psychology when she gave it up and took to the airways.

"I decided not to bother with other people's emotions," she said. "I started out to enjoy some of my own."

"What luck?" I asked.

She smiled at me. "Any time now," she said.

It was midnight when I took her home. "When can I see you again?" I said.

"Oh, it's hard to say," she answered casually. "Our schedules change every month. And sometimes we're delayed out-of-town by bad weather. But call the apartment any time. One of us will probably be home."

I frowned. It was a little disconcerting. "Doesn't it make any difference to you," I said coolly, "which one of you I draw out of the hat?"

She laughed. "All for one and all that," she said.

"I feel like an extra pair of nylons," I said bitterly. "Do you wear one another's clothes, too?"

"Always," she said gaily.

"You sure I can't pin you down?" I said.

"Airline hostesses don't pin easily," she said. "I liked the dinner. Good-night."

. . . . . .

I had to work late at the office the next three evenings. And on the fourth I punched that top doorbell again and climbed the three flights. The girl waiting for me at the top of the stairs had red hair.

"Hello," she said. "I'm May, as in 'Almayna.' Edna's down in Louisville and Alice is flying to Indianapolis. Can I fix us a drink?"

We had our drink, and then we went to a Swedish place for smorgasbord. I couldn't keep my eyes off this one, either. She was strictly a farm-bred type, pink-cheeked and dimpled, with a wide grin that lit up her face and hair like an October sunset. She was the chattery sort, but with her voice and rippling laugh you didn't mind.

I heard all about the dairy farm in Pennsylvania and her dad's prize Hereford bull that had won enough blue ribbons to decorate the whole barn. And about her mother's wonderful quince preserves. She had six older brothers, and they all adored and spoiled their kid sister.

It was a great life back on the farm, she said, but she wanted to see the world from the air before she settled down.

She got up from the table and made another tour of the smorgasbord counter and refilled her plate. And I thought, even with that appetite, what a figure! I watched her coming toward me, and the first and last syllables of Almayna didn't mean a thing any more. Me, I was settling for the red-headed middle.

When she was with me again, I said, "I'll be away on business the next three days. But I'll be back on Saturday, and I want to see you then. I've got to see you! I'll fly to the North Pole to see you."

"Oh, I won't be at the North Pole," she said.

"Good. Where will you be?"

"In Frankfurt," she said. "I'll be flying overseas from now on. But call the apartment, anyway. One of the girls will be there. With us it's all for one and—"

"I don't want all of you!" I cried. "Am I a maharajah or something?"

"You're sweet," she said. "All of us like you a lot."

I took her home and gave her a cold good-night. She didn't even have the courtesy to seem disappointed at missing out on our Saturday-night date. She passed me along to the other two without batting an eye. Not that I wanted women fighting over me, pulling hair and clawing. Of course, it would be nice if they did. But I didn't insist upon it. However, a man has to have some pride. He doesn't want to be shared like an evening wrap.

I made my third try at the grab-bag on Saturday. And there was Alice, my first and almost forgotten love, waiting for me at the head of the stairs.

"Look what you drew!" she said. "Can I fix us a drink?"

I sprawled out on the couch and watched her. She was taller, shapelier, and more square-shouldered than I remembered. She was wearing a green cocktail dress that clung and shimmered. Her dark hair was piled on top of her head and her shoulders were white as cream. She was slightly more terrific than terrific.

My memory of Edna the blonde and May the redhead became fuzzy and blurred. Then it faded completely. There was only this dark-haired girl before me.

She handed me a drink. "This is terrible!" I said.

"The drink?" she said. "You haven't tasted it."

"I'm right back where I started from," I said.

"Where did you start?"

"With you," I said. "And now here I am again! Have you ever thought of giving up flying and settling down with a man who worships the air you fly through?"

"Never," she said.

"You mean you really like it up there, playing nursemaid and waitress?"

"I love it," she said. "I'm from a flying family. My dad was an ace in the old Lafayette Escadrille. He flew Jennys for years. My two brothers were fighter pilots in the last war. They're crop-dusting now in Texas. When I get my pilot's licence—and I'm expecting it soon—I'm going to work with them. I'd rather fly than eat."

"Sometimes it's nice on the ground, too," I said. "I can prove it to you."

"Well," she said, "a girl's always willing to be shown."

I went out to a delicatessen and bought six dollars' worth of fancy food. We ate and drank beer and listened to some good music on the hi-fi. We did a little dancing, and we talked and laughed a lot. It was an evening to remember.

I left her at one o'clock and went home and fell into bed. I told myself it was all settled. Alice it was, if I had to hedge-hop all over Texas with her. But that was my conscious mind speaking. When I slept I dreamed about all three of them, and I couldn't tell which one I wanted.

In the dream they floated around me enticingly. They were wearing high boots and plumed hats and carrying swords like the Three Musketeers. Then I suddenly became as light as a feather, and one of them picked me up and lifted me over her head.

They started tossing me back and forth to one another. Like a bean-bag they tossed me, laughing all the time and having a lot of fun for themselves. I woke up when one of them dropped me.

I got up and made coffee and smoked half a packet of cigarettes. I had to make up my mind, I told myself. I couldn't be in love with all three of them.

Or could I?

The next morning it was snowing. The weather man said it threatened to be the worst blizzard in twenty years. And this time he was right. It snowed all that day and all the next.

On the third morning it stopped, but a heavy fog settled down. I listened to the radio while I shaved. The announcer said all flights out of LaGuardia Airport had been cancelled for the third successive day.

It hit me then. Like that bolt out of the blue you hear about, it hit me. They were grounded. Earthbound. They couldn't fly, so maybe they'd be home. All three of them. I could see the three of them together and compare.

I was so excited I left the office early. I took a cab and sprinted up those three flights of stairs and pounded on the door. It was opened for me and I walked in. And there was Almayna—all three of her.

Edna stood in front of me in some eye-catching lounging pyjamas. May, in a green negligee, was stretched on a couch doing a crossword. And Alice appeared from the kitchenette, wearing a blue housecoat the same shade as her eyes.

"Hello," May said.

"How nice," Edna said.

"Can I fix us all a drink?" Alice asked.

I held up my hand sternly.

"Don't bother," I said sharply. "I'm here on a very serious

To page 42

"VELVET SOAP IS KINDER TO HANDS . . . A REAL MONEY SAVER FOR DISHES . . . . Over a million Australian Housewives agree" says *Aunt Jenny*

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THE LAXATIVE HABIT

Laxatives can never give real or lasting relief from constipation because they do not reach its cause. Worse still, they leave the intestinal muscles so weak and tired that they soon become unable to function without further "shock treatments". It stands to reason that regular dosing with harsh medicines upsets the whole digestive rhythm, saps vitality and lowers resistance to infection.

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Continuing . . . . Three Girls Named Almayna

from page 41

matter. Don't move, anyone, Stay just the way you are."

"Are we playing statues?" Edna said.

"Maybe you're going to take us all out to dinner?" May said.

"Not all!" I said grimly. "One." I looked around at them. It was a frightful decision to make. "All I need is a little time," I said nervously.

"Say eenie-meenie," May suggested.

"It's my turn," Edna said.

"I'm famished," Alice said.

I looked at May again. She was beautiful. I looked at Edna. She was gorgeous. And that Alice! She was breathtaking.

I clapped my hand to my forehead and groaned. It was hopeless!

"I don't know which one I want!" I cried, and turned and ran out of the place.

. . . . . .

The strain of indecision can do terrible things to a man. That I was in love there was no doubt. I had all the symptoms. But nothing could be done about it. Better, I thought, to see none of them than to be torn asunder. But I couldn't stop thinking. Or dreaming. Practically every night those three girls used me as a beanbag.

It showed in my work. I couldn't concentrate, and once I snapped at the Chicago client over the phone and almost lost the agency the account. But I didn't start to go downhill physically until mid-March.

I caught this chest cold and it kept me away from the office a week. Then I couldn't seem to snap back. I had no appetite and I lost weight. My friend Jack Hassett, who shared my apartment with me, was full of advice.

"It's that old debbil, low-grade virus," he said. "Have some X-rays taken."

"What's wrong with me," I told him bitterly, "wouldn't show on any X-ray. Men have wasted away with love of one girl. And look at me! I'm a three-times loser. It could prove fatal."

"I know a good doctor," he said.

"Doctor?" I sneered. "I need an analyst."

It was two months after I'd put Almayna out of my life that I went to Hassett's doctor. He said it was nothing serious. Just a low-grade virus. As though he knew! He gave me some pills and a diet and told me to fly to Florida for a week if I could, and bask in the sun. I'd come back a new man, he said.

I didn't believe a word of it. But I had a week of vacation due me. When I finished work that afternoon I walked around to the Airlines Terminal Building. I went up to the toilet counter, and there I froze. There was this girl at the other end of the counter. This tall, dark girl. She was selling some guy a ticket to somewhere. She was Alice, the first syllable of Almayna.

I stepped back quickly before she saw me. I went outside the building and waited almost an hour for her to come out. And then I trailed her all the way to that brownstone in the East Fifties. I let her have five minutes to get settled, and then I went upstairs.

She gave me a quick smile when she saw me.

"I thought maybe the Chicago client ate you up," she said.

"How are things in the blue yonder at eighteen thousand feet?" I said.

"Oh, just wonderful!" she said. "I love every minute of it."

"Got that pilot's licence yet?"

"It won't be long now," she said, with a short laugh. "Flying's my life."

"Then what are you doing on the ground selling tickets?" I snapped.

She turned pale. "It's just a temporary job," she said. "I asked for a transfer."

"Why?" I said. "You'd rather fly than eat?"

"I can change my mind, can't I?" she said sharply. "I thought I'd like to stay put in New York for a while."

The door to the bedroom was open, and I went over to it and looked inside. There was no one in there.

"Where's Edna?" I said. "In Outer Mongolia?"

She frowned. "Edna doesn't live here any more," she said. "She walked out."

"Walked out?" I said. "An old Musketeer like her?"

"We had a little argument," she said.

"What about?"

"None of your business," she said.

I went to her and put my hands on her shoulders. "Speak!" I ordered.

"Let go my shoulders!" she said.

I held her tighter. "The whole story," I said.

"It wasn't anything, really," she said. "We were here together one evening, and the phone rang. Edna wanted to answer it and I wouldn't let her."

My heart began to pound. "What did you do to her?" I cried.

"Stop shaking me!" she said.

I shook harder. "Tell me!" I said. "This could be important. What did you do to Edna?"

"I—I pulled her hair," she said weakly.

I drew in my breath. "And May?" My voice trembled with excitement. "Where's May?"

She turned her head away from me. "She walked out, too. The same thing happened with her the next evening. I couldn't let her answer the phone, either."

I put a finger under her chin and pushed up and made her look me in the eyes. Tears trickled slowly down her smooth cheeks.

"What did you do to May?" I cried. "Did you claw her?"

She began to cry. Then she put her arms around me and pressed her head against my chest.

"It was only a little-bitsy claw!" she moaned. "I gave her just the tiniest scratch." She looked up at me. "I had to!" she sobbed. "It might have been you on the phone. I couldn't keep from fighting for you!" Her voice broke. "It's the tigress in me!" she said.

I kissed her then. "Tigresses I like," I said.

The phone rang. "If that's some guy asking for Almayna," I said, "tell him she just jumped off the George Washington Bridge. And tell him if he comes around here I'll knock his teeth in." I kissed her again. "It's the tiger in me," I said.

"A tiger for a tigress," she said, smiling at me.

"What could be nicer?" I said.

"I can't seem to think of anything at the moment," she said.

Finally the phone stopped ringing.

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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning February 25

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in a confidential matter.	★ If a homemaker, your job may be a trifle lonely. If you have housekeeping to do at the end of a day's work elsewhere, a change of work is as good as a rest.	★ There may be a family secret in your home, perhaps an engagement or the purchase of a long desired amenity. Otherwise a quiet, peaceful week.	★ Your emotional life has a new element. For the present you may not consciously pay much attention to a new acquaintance, who could eclipse existing ties.	★ Your support may be sought for a group project. You may refuse because you feel the scheme is either impractical or involves unjustified work.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, rose. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in outdoor activities.	★ Sometimes it is risky to mix business and friendship, because emotional factors may enter. This week guard against waste of time in prolonged conversations.	★ An important event lies ahead—possibly a surprise for a member of the household. The home dressmaker may run up a frock, or find a new use for old possessions.	★ A happy chapter for most, especially if you are in late teens or early twenties. If you and your beloved join a social or sporting club, this move has good aspects.	★ While this is a socially busy week for young and old, you will find yourself actively engaged as a participant. The type of activity depends on age and interests.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in making friends.	★ Because your job may be new, or the work different, you may be enthusiastic. Don't set too fast a pace. Start as you mean to go on. Work steadily.	★ You may be on parade and a trifle tense, but you enjoy a challenge to your ingenuity. You'll probably skimp unseen, and appear to good advantage.	★ The difficulty hanging like a cloud over your love affair, such as parental disapproval, inequality of social background, or career problems, should melt away now.	★ This week you must impress others with your personality and talent. When one particular effort has been put over successfully, you breathe a sigh of relief.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in new territory.	★ You can handle your work better by using your head rather than your heart. Concentrate on your weak points, set up an ideal plan, don't grizzle at setbacks.	★ If dissatisfied with part of your domestic set-up, you determine to alter it. This need not require much expenditure, but it does demand serious thought.	★ Don't show plainly that you love one who is indifferent. A girl's pursuit of a boy may make her ridiculous. It also keeps other boys away from her.	★ You are likely, at this time, to associate with people from whom you can learn a great deal, either educationally or socially. Listen and make mental notes.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck through a friend.	★ A new object to gain makes a wonderful spur to ambition. Having mastered the facts you may proceed to a more advanced stage. Don't give in—hang on and win.	★ Many of you make an attractive investment for your home. An improvement in finances or a bargain aids you towards your goal. Good management bears fruit.	★ Indifference sometimes adds fuel to the fire of love. A little mild competition makes you more desirable in the eyes of the beloved. Don't rush into his arms.	★ Should you feel there is opposition to your ideas or that someone is trying to undermine you socially, confirmation may be received, but the matter is unimportant.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in the family circle.	★ Recognition is sweet, but many folks forget to praise. A few handclaps are as much appreciated as money. You may receive both very soon.	★ With the household running to routine, you can look beyond your four walls and discover new interests for winter. In some cases the marriage partner joins in also.	★ Don't be a worrier. If going on a date, dress your best, look your prettiest, then think of your escort, his interests and activities. You'll make a hit.	★ Drawing closer to those who have a real claim on your affections will give you moral support for wider community projects. With family backing, you make progress.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, yellow. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck with your programme.	★ Once those postponed tasks are done, turn to work which gives creative scope. With a clear conscience you can become absorbed in the job you like best.	★ Energetically you start to turn out cupboards, renew curtains, cook continental dishes, or remodel clothing. Follow instructions in any undertaking, and you win.	★ Even if you are not feeling sentimental, reassure your beloved that your affection is still true. Then turn to practical matters which require attention from you both.	★ Organising any enterprise is a big task, especially when you have to conciliate conflicting personalities. If you can form a team you will have earned gratitude.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in being popular.	★ You may be picked at random from a group and find you are doing exactly what you enjoy. A happy inspiration may lighten some job. Watch for a lucky break.	★ You tackle new jobs you never before dared to attempt. Even if all your ventures are not one hundred per cent. successful, you'll still travel a long way.	★ For some the great love of life dawns. Around the corner lies your first date, your first discovery, shared interests, your first dance, and your first kiss.	★ While you are enjoying popularity, don't forget the wallflowers. Strangers and those who have few friends will appreciate your efforts to draw them into your crowd.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, black. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck lies close at hand.	★ Changes in personnel may bring a new set-up into your associations. While regretting the old, you may find that the new has its points and makes work easier.	★ A number of you decide to discontinue an unprofitable home activity, taking on one which seems a money saver. A few may begin on a paid job at home.	★ Bring the beloved home and feed him magnificently. He'll respond gratefully and may begin to think that a home of his own would have charm.	★ Some of you resign from a club or decline to take office for various reasons. It is wise to avoid burdening your schedule with too many interests.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in the printed word.	★ A busy period, with many things accomplished. You learn from present experiences and store knowledge for future use. Cheer up and smile.	★ Your own neighborhood may hold great interest. If you explore it carefully this week, you may discover several hitherto unsuspected attractions which save money.	★ An invitation, or a telephone call, could set your heart beating wildly. The correct dress, the proper procedure on an important occasion, fill your thoughts.	★ Many people, scenes, and activities of temporary importance. You meet strangers to town, or you pay visits. Pleasant but leaving no lasting impression.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 18	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in finance.	★ Whether buying, selling, or making agreements, your affairs should prosper. Do realise what you are letting yourself in for, and read all the fine print.	★ Big plans, ambitious schemes, domestic financing, the search for eye-catching bargains, may keep you busy and make household drudgery less attractive than ever.	★ A friendly hand from a member of the opposite sex who works where you do may lead to closer acquaintance and start the gradual development of a happy romance.	★ Practical considerations will be factors in your choice of spare time amusements. With an eye on the budget expensive pastimes are out, but you have fun.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 19 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, green. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in a wish come true.	★ You can be most appealing when you choose to make a request. Do not let pride stand in your way. Personality brings home the prize you want.	★ You may have to compromise on several issues, but you are still boss of the home front. Children may need special consideration just now, or involve extra work.	★ For some, a whirlwind love affair, which makes ordinary life a dream. You build castles in the air and are thrilled to hear the beloved's voice.	★ Plunge into the social whirl. Make overtures to new friends, join groups with congenial interests, for you are starting on a new and fortunate cycle socially.

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Continuing . . . .

Misfit Fiancée

from page 9

and bucking as the girl tried to remount. Then Felicity was in the saddle, and they could see her arm rise and fall as she forced her mount after the other riders.

"She's done," Dirk said. "They've got a good quarter-mile on her."

"Felicity's a superb horsewoman," Miriam said. "Anything can happen."

"It was awful," said Susan. "I'm shaking like a leaf. What can she be thinking?"

Dirk laughed. "Nothing at all. She's just mad because her nag made a mistake. I'm glad you can't hear what she's saying at the moment."

The race passed out of sight beyond a wooded ridge. When the riders came back into view, the front horses were still closely bunched and going well. It seemed hours before Felicity appeared.

"She's picked up a little," Dirk said, "but she'll run her horse out at that pace."

The riders were rounding the last flag now and coming back to the finish.

"Four fences left," Dirk said. "Felicity's really making the mare move."

"I want her to win," Miriam thought. "I want Dirk to see her win."

With two fences remaining, Felicity had picked up and passed all but one rider. Coming into the last jump, the front horse swerved, made a bad landing. Felicity's mare took the jump cleanly and pulled closer. Only a length separated the two horses as they entered the stretch, then a half-length; they were neck and neck. . . A tumult of applause broke from the crowd.

"By a nose!" Dirk cried, shaking his head in amazement. "What a female!"

Miriam tried to hide her trembling hands. She looked at Susan, but the girl's eyes were fixed on Dirk, appraisingly.

They walked back to the stables, and Felicity found them there. Her hair had been torn from its net and fell to her shoulders. Her riding-coat was ripped from collar to waist.

"My dear!" said Miriam. "I never thought you could do it."

"Neither did I. But I was so mad I decided either to win or break that fool mare's neck!"

"It might have been your neck, too," Dirk said.

Felicity turned and looked at him steadily. The glow of triumph faded from her eyes. "Who cares?" she said, and flung back her streaming hair and walked away.

. . . .

Mr. Walker was sitting on the terrace reading the evening paper when they returned.

"Felicity just phoned," he said. "They're throwing a cocktail party. She wants Susan and Dirk to come over."

"Sue doesn't drink," Dirk said.

Miriam spoke lightly. "That's no reason. They'll have soft drinks, too. Everybody will be there, Dirk."

Dirk looked at Susan for a long moment.

"We'll go, of course," Susan said, "if you'd like to, Dirk."

"Okay," Dirk said. "Let's walk over."

Miriam watched them as they went along the lane beneath the great leafless sycamores. Susan's dark head came barely to Dirk's shoulder. They were walking slowly, apart from each other. Then Dirk reached over and took Susan's hand, drew her close to him.

Miriam said, a little wildly, "Charles, what are we going to do?"

"Nothing."

"But I can't let this go on!" She paused and then asked, "Do you think I'm a snob, Charles?"

"No, my dear. Just a mother."

"All I want is for Dirk and the girl he marries to be as happy as we have been."

"That's a large order, but I see what you mean."

"It isn't possible," Miriam protested, "when a boy and a girl have grown up in such completely different environments."

Charles sighed. "The human heart is mysterious and unpredictable. It makes its own decisions."

"I can't let Dirk decide," Miriam cried. "I won't!"

"But what is there to do?" she thought. "How shall I go about it? I don't want to hurt that poor child. Or Dirk, either. If only she could see how things are, how impossible it would be for her to fit into Dirk's life."

Dirk telephoned just before seven. "Look, Mother," he said, "we're all going over to Sandra Mitchell's for a buffet supper. Then somewhere to dance. Will it be okay if we skip dinner?"

"Of course, dear. It sounds like a gay time. Don't hurry home."

But they returned while Miriam was still downstairs.

To page 50

"How's THAT for a view of the ocean?"

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Film Fan-Fare

Conducted by M. J. McMAHON

ABOVE. Dramatic scene from the new picture with Robert Wagner (right), Terry Moore, and Robert Keith (in background).

LEFT. Terry Moore sparkles from under a becoming straw hat trimmed with tufts of multi-colored raffia.

Terry Moore

THE first time Robert Wagner ever kissed Terry Moore on the screen was underwater at Florida for a scene in "Beneath the 12-Mile Reef."

These two popular young stars are teamed again, with veteran Broderick Crawford, as the leads in Fox's widescreen war drama "Between Heaven and Hell," and their first scene together in this picture has them embracing in a Hawaiian swimming-pool.

The similarity between the two films ends there, for love and war are the basic ingredients of "Heaven and Hell," which tells of the exploits of a company of army misfits who come good in the crucible of battle.

In this story young Wagner plays an arrogant soldier and Terry is his serious-minded Southern-belle wife.

This is quite a change of pace for Miss Moore, the girl who, in her day, has engaged in many brash stunts.

According to the publicity, the change in Terry Moore from Hollywood madcap to responsible actress began when she married Eugene McGrath on New Year's Day.

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OVALTINE

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1st PRIZE (Boys) *Malvern Star Bike*—PHILIP ROBERTS, 43 Goodwood Road, Glenorchy, Tas. (10 years).

1st PRIZE (Girls) *Malvern Star Bike*—JOYCE VICKERS, 20 Weewanda Street, Glenelg, S.A. (13 years).

25 BROWNIE CAMERAS TO:—

GRETA ROSS, 22 Albert Ave., Chatswood, N.S.W. (14).
JANICE O'BRIEN, 53 Fifth Ave., Mount Lawley, W.A. (14).
ALECIA PARKINSON, 2 Ontario Ave., Roseville, N.S.W. (14).
JAYNE SPURGIN, 39 Archer St., Toowong, Brisbane, Qld. (13).
MARIAN CHAVES, c/- Post Office, Kalgoorlie, W.A. (12).
ELIZABETH ANSTEY, 4 Argyle Place, Mount Gambier, S.A. (13).
NEA STEWART, 10 Currier St., Breakwater, via Geelong, Vic. (13).
GRAHAM S. THOMAS, 24 Hemshall Rd., Strathmore, W.6, Vic. (13).
ALAN MARTIN, Pettit St., Yass, N.S.W. (12).
DIANNE GOLDSMITH, "Bourbah," Mullaley, N.S.W. (12).
SUSAN WEBB, 112 Kembla St., Wollongong, N.S.W. (12).
PAM WATSON, c/- W/Off. Watson, Marine Section, Townsville, Qld. (12).
JANICE O'BRIEN, 178 Merthyr Rd., New Farm, Brisbane, Qld. (11).
MARGARET ROBERTSON, Bennett Rd., St. Marys, N.S.W. (11).
ARTHUR CHAPMAN, Rickard Rd., Chipping Norton, N.S.W. (10).
IVAN LEINFELD, 17 Birdwood Ave., Cronulla Beach, N.S.W. (10).
ROSEMARIE SMITH, 44 Separation St., Northcote, N.16, Vic. (8).
WILLIAM COLLINGBRIDGE, 15 Eicho St., Hamilton, N.S.W. (9).
TERRY MacKENZIE, 9 Boorral St., Woomera, S.A. (8).
KEITH FIEBIG, Box 452D, P.O., Renmark, S.A. (8).
SHARRON KEYS, 7 James St., North Manly, N.S.W. (9).
ALAN PEARCE, "Walnut Cottage," Main Rd., Sassafras, Vic. (8).
COLIN WARE, 6 Hillman St., Spencer Park, Albany, W.A. (7).
JULIE WATTS, 148 Fox Valley Rd., Wahroonga, N.S.W. (5).
WAYNE LADE, Alexander Terrace, Stanley, Tas. (4).

200 CONSOLATION PRIZE WINNERS HAVE BEEN ADVISED BY MAIL.

OVALTINE —CHOICE OF OLYMPIC CHAMPIONS

ACTORS IN THE RUNNING for the co-starring role of Noel Airman in "Marjorie Morningstar" are Kirk Douglas (above left), Danny Kaye, and William Holden (right). Tyrone Power has also been mentioned for the part. Danny Kaye is making a strong bid for it; is highly regarded by producer Sperling, who believes that Kaye has great dramatic range.

Film of best-seller will "pull no punches"

Film Fan-Fare

By ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff

● Long-standing Hollywood taboos on sex and religion will be flouted in the film version of "Marjorie Morningstar," best-selling novel by Herman Wouk which was serialised in The Australian Women's Weekly last year.

SEX and religion of course, always have been the bread-and-butter of the film industry, but only within carefully circumscribed limits.

But the big-budget, small-screen "Marjorie" will break new ground by:

● Dealing sensitively and in frank language with the trials of a maid who surrenders herself to a man who does not marry her.

● Depicting unabashedly some of the practices of orthodox Judaism, contrary to the usual glossed-over treatment.

● Letting the heroine "get away" with her transgression by marrying someone else in the end.

Appropriately, Warner Brothers' studio is conducting a nation-wide search for an "unknown" to portray Marjorie before the Hollywood cameras.

Wouk and the producer of the picture, Milton Sperling, spent two months in New York interviewing and testing more than 600 girls for the role. So far only six have been sent to Hollywood for screen tests.

Sperling told me that, although he wanted to cast an unknown in the part, he might eventually have to use an established actress.

"The girl must be young, beautiful, and able to act," he said. "She needn't be Jewish—only two of our six candidates are Jewish, in fact. She could be from anywhere in the U.S., since we want a 'neutral' American accent.

"But," he added firmly, "you can tell any aspiring glamor girls that the part is too demanding for anyone who just looks good sitting on a stool in a milk bar having an ice-cream soda."

Sperling and Wouk so far have confined their search to girls with some dramatic experience—students of, for example, New York's Actors' Studio, Stella Adler, or the Neighborhood Playhouse.

"We've exhausted the well-known drama schools already," he said, "and now we're rummaging through the television studios, summer stock, and Broadway bit players."

No actresses from abroad need apply, Sperling added. The role is too essentially American.

But the producer had evidently forgotten about "Gone With the Wind," the epic about the American Civil War. After a much-publicised talent search for an unknown actress to play Scarlett O'Hara, Hollywood finally imported Vivien Leigh, who won new fame in the role.

Warners' talent search may turn out to have been just a publicity stunt. But I don't think so.

Needs youth

THERE are good reasons—mostly age — why established film stars might have a bit of trouble lending conviction to the part. Marjorie's age in the book ranges from 18 to 20.

"It's true," said Sperling, "that Jennifer Jones, who wants the role badly, can look like a girl of 18. But the audience knows she isn't, and it would require a few reels before people got to accept her."

Others whom the studio is holding in reserve in case it fails to turn up an unknown are Audrey Hepburn, Natalie Wood, Elizabeth Taylor, and Carroll Baker.

Liz Taylor, once a favorite, is counted an extremely long shot in view of her recent illness and her more recent marriage to impresario Mike Todd.

Carroll Baker's rise to stardom as a result of one film, "Baby Doll," had impressed the film moguls, Sperling said.

"A year ago we might have been sceptical about taking an unknown and starring her in 'Marjorie,'" he said. "But

ON THE JOB at Warners' studio are Milton Sperling (left), who has interviewed hundreds of girls trying for the role of Marjorie Morningstar, and Herman Wouk (right), who wrote the book. Screen writer Everett Freeman is in the centre.

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YOUNG ACTRESSES vying for the role of Marjorie Morningstar filmed in a snowstorm at New York airport just before they left for the West Coast. They are (left to right) Sandra Rehn, Phyllis Newman, Ina Balin, Toni King, and Erin O'Brien.

Carroll Baker's case has put new courage into us. Her first picture put her in the ranks of the stars of 20 years' standing."

Actors who are in the running for the part of Noel Airman, the brilliant, enigmatic rake with whom Marjorie falls in love, include Kirk Douglas, William Holden, Tyrone Power, and Danny Kaye.

Candidates

KAYE is fighting hard for the role. Though most people think of him as a comedian, Danny is a veteran trouper with enormous dramatic range. Commented Sperling: "Comedy and tragedy really are twin brothers in the theatre, you know."

The finished film will run considerably longer than two hours and will cost close to three million dollars, depending on the salaries of the stars. In spite of its length, it will be photographed in black and white and shown on a standard-size screen.

"We don't need color, wide-screen, or 'gimmicks,'" Sperling said. "We have a story."

Of the six candidates for Marjorie, all but one were recruited in New York.

A Californian — Sandra Smith, 18—is described as having a "special quality and radiance."

The New Yorkers, who flew to the West Coast under the sharp eye of a Press agent, are:

Phyllis Newman, 20, who has the best theatrical experience of the group. She played the lead in a hit Broadway musical, "Having a Wonderful Time," when the star, Sheila Bond, left the show. She also had an important role in "Picnic" on the stage, and has played dramatic roles on TV.

Erin O'Brien, 21, who is considered one of America's most beautiful women. Erin appeared regularly as a vocalist on a network television programme and has sung at leading night-clubs.

Toni King, 18, who has done brief "glamor" commercials on television.

Sandra Rehn, 19, who has modelled cosmetics on TV, appeared in several dramatic roles, and done commercials on a weekly telecast.

Ina Balin, 19, who has acted in summer stock and has had walk-on roles in TV. A Jewish girl, she once played the Virgin Mary in a Christmas presentation.

Ina's father, Harold Balin, a shoe shop proprietor in Greenwich Village, confided that he thought it was all a "big publicity stunt to sell the movie."

"But what could I do but let her go?" he told me. "She used to lock herself in her room for four or five hours every night. We could hear her reciting lines from 'Marjorie Morningstar.'"

Troubles

A STRONG rumor in New York has it that Wouk and Warner Brothers have had a falling-out over the screen adaptation of his novel.

Sperling denies this, admitting, however, that the scenarist, Everett Freeman, made character changes and plot deletions customarily required in adapting long novels.

The basic situation in Wouk's book is of a moral girl surrounded by immorality. South Wind, the summer mountain resort which Marjorie's mother aptly compares with Sodom, will be explored "extensively" by the movie cameras, Sperling reported.

"We intend also," said the producer, "to pull no punches with the main theme of Marjorie's conflict.

"How could we gloss over it? All Marjorie's spoken and unspoken debates about the value of virtue will be in the film."

When Noel, in his campaign on Marjorie's chastity, compares her to his prude-image "Shirley" she fights back.

Sperling said he intended to retain Wouk's frank dialogue in the film version of "Marjorie Morningstar."

However, the actual seduction in a Manhattan Hotel room is treated delicately. Marjorie enacts her final conflict in a solo scene.

"That scene," Sperling explained, "played silently before a mirror, will be the test of a great actress.

"We are not out to shock," he added. "We are merely interested in translating a great novel to the screen with integrity and fidelity."

Critics say that Wouk's novel, which ends with Marjorie's disillusion, strikes a blow for old-fashioned morality. Sperling thinks that, in the light of this overall effect, censors will pass the suggestive dialogue.

But the producer may find his quest for a Marjorie a harder task than battling Hollywood's (on-screen) sex taboos.

I was, unfortunately, the first to inform him, by long-distance telephone, of his coming tribulations.

Publicity

ED SULLIVAN, compere of the most popular TV variety show in the U.S., told me he would telecast the screen tests of the candidates for Marjorie.

And Sullivan is going to ask viewers for a write-in vote on who should win the role.

"What, me — submit to a public opinion poll on the star of my picture?" Sperling cried. "You can tell Sullivan . . . no, never mind, I'll tell him myself!"

Nobody seems to know what actually passed between Sperling and Sullivan, but as this goes to press the plan to bring the public into the act in this way is going ahead.

CARROLL BAKER, youthful star of the controversial "Baby Doll," is a reserve for the role of Marjorie.

JENNIFER JONES is very keen to play Marjorie Morningstar. However, she is thought to be a bit too old.

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Life of great musician

★ Set against lovely natural locations of Vienna and filmed in color for the widescreen, this German production of "Mozart" (Blake Films) depicts the latter part of the life of the gifted composer.

The young Austrian actor Oscar Werner interprets the title character as a wilful man of great charm and talent.

The screenplay links the magic of Mozart's music (performed by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra) with a tender love story.

Sprightly Johanna Matz acts and sings the role of Anni Gottlieb, Mozart's last love, and Gertrud Kuckelmann plays Constance, his wife.

The film is sub-titled in English.

1 ABOVE. Wolfgang Mozart (Oscar Werner), his wife, Constance (Gertrud Kuckelmann), and their son are thrilled when Mozart is retained to write an opera. Constance then goes off to a spa.

2 RIGHT. Introduction to Anni (Johanna Mats), a singer who has been engaged to take the part of Pamina in "The Magic Flute" which Mozart is composing, leads to a happy love affair.

3 MUSICALLY, Wolfgang Mozart attains the heights during this period. It seems that all the creative forces are released in him and he finds wonderful artistic expression for all his thoughts and feelings. Soon a premonition of impending death overtakes him.

4 MOZART writes his requiem at this time. When Anni is offered a tour of Italy, he advises her to go and she thinks about it. But at the last minute the lovers are reunited in another short period of undimmed bliss.

5 ILL again, and in despair over the situation with his family, Mozart is unable to finish "The Magic Flute." Later on he revives temporarily, goes back home, and completes his work. But the lovers have to part, and Constance returns.

6 THE TWO WOMEN, Anni and Constance, meet after Mozart's funeral. Anni fulfils his wish by singing in his "Magic Flute." The music is acclaimed by everyone. Mozart lived and died in poverty, but his music earned everlasting fame.

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ACTRESS Jane Russell in a blond wig is prepared for the camera by a hairdresser, a wardrobe mistress, and one of the camera crew. The moral in this picture seems to be that it takes a lot of hard work to present a movie star.

Talking of Films

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

★★ *The Eddy Duchin Story*

IT'S hard to decide whether Tyrone Power's character work in the title role of Columbia's musical biography bears any likeness to the real Eddy Duchin. Hollywood's approach to the subject is conventional and nostalgic, and perhaps the same goes for Power.

But at least his Eddy Duchin is likeable, persuasive, and attractive to watch.

Music and heartbreaking romance are the main interests in "The Eddie Duchin Story," which is set in the lively 'twenties against glossy backgrounds of technicolor CinemaScope.

The tuneful musical score, played on the soundtrack by Carmen Cavallaro, is adroitly faked by Mr. Power.

Eddy's arrival in New York as an eager young hick with talent is amusing. His blissful marriage to a wealthy socialite (Kim Novak) is a dream of romance. Her death after the birth of their son turns Duchin into a moody and bitter man.

The film crumbles into an emotional morass towards the end when Duchin, reconciled with his son and now married to Australia's Victoria Shaw, has to tell the youngster that his own days are numbered.

In her first big movie Miss Shaw is a bit stiff. Perhaps she will improve.

In Sydney—State.

★ *Loser Takes All*

BRITISH - LION'S "Loser Takes All," from a screenplay by Graham Greene, is a frivolous little comedy about Riviera honeymooners who get mixed up in gambling at Monte Carlo.

Filmed on the spot in color CinemaScope, it's an eye-filling picture. But if you are looking for champagne sparkle, it's a quality that is sadly lacking.

Italian heart-throb Rossano Brazzi, cast, of all unlikely people, as an earnest accountant, and Glynis Johns play the lovers of the story whose marriage at Monte Carlo takes on nightmare aspects when they run short of money.

That is, until Brazzi happens on a sure-fire gambling system.

The comedy makes much of Glynis' headstrong gaiety. It's the sort of part that she does rather well, but there does come a point when one's attention begins to wander.

However, when that happens Mr. Brazzi usually manages to bring it back again with another of his truly Continental clinches.

Robert Morley is great fun as an eccentric English businessman.

In Sydney—Century.

★ *Autumn Leaves*

COLUMBIA'S "Autumn Leaves," a marital melodrama with a May-December theme, stars Joan Crawford in one of her suffering, hand-wringing parts.

For an actress who thoroughly enjoys every minute of her movie misery, the film offers a lot of scope.

It tells of a forlorn spinster (Joan), no longer in the first blush of youth, who foolishly grasps the chance to marry a young man who is several years her junior (Cliff Robertson).

This, of course, is the autumnal romance of the film title, and a very messy affair it turns out to be.

It soon becomes clear that the young man in question is touched in the head. He's a thief and a liar, and is given to spells of neurotic violence as well.

It involves an unhappy association with his father and his previous wife, a part ably portrayed by Vera Miles.

In Sydney—Esquire.

KURT JURGENS, estranged German film star husband of Eva Bartok, does not seem unduly worried. Now one of the biggest box-office stars in Europe, fair, handsome, heavily built Jurgens is revelling in Munich and casting sheep's eyes at another international German star—Hildegarde Neff.

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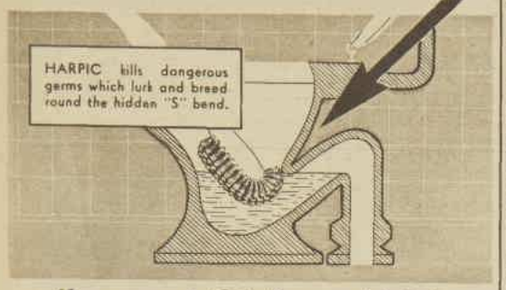

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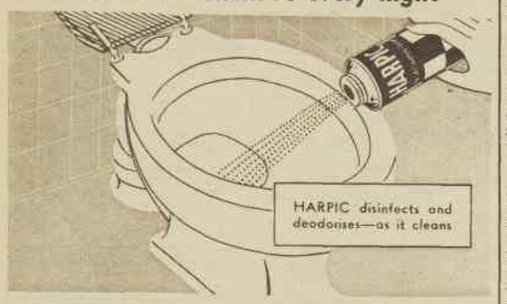

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Continuing . . . . Misfit Fiancée

from page 44

Susan looked pale and unhappy; Dirk was silent and withdrawn. Something had happened, Miriam thought. She had a quick feeling of hope and relief, followed by a sudden uneasy compassion. She said to Susan, "Isn't the Livingston house beautiful?"

"Yes, but I couldn't live in it."

"How odd. Most girls would love such a home."

"Our house is very small," Susan said. "It's one of the oldest on the island. When I was home and helped Mother take care of it I knew every board and windowpane and crack and cupboard. I'd be lost in such a huge place."

Miriam said, "Mrs. Livingston travels a great deal since her husband died. They are here only in the spring and autumn."

"That seems extravagant to me," Susan replied.

"They're filthy with lucre," Dirk said.

"Please, dear . . ."

Dirk got up restlessly, went to the player, and put on records. At the first notes of Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture Susan said, in a breathless voice, "Not that, Dirk, please."

He snapped the switch.

"I think I'll go up now," Susan said.

She ascended the wide, polished stairway. At the top, as though compelled by some inner urgency, she turned and gazed down at Dirk. It was a glance strange and compelling, wistful and disillusioned. Miriam had a sudden recollection of a picture she had once seen of the dark Mary of Scotland mounting the steps that led to her doom.

. . . . . .

Miriam slept late the next morning. She came down to an empty house.

"Where is everyone?" she asked Tobin.

"The menfolk breakfasted with the young lady. I heard them talking about golf. I guess they all went to the club."

Miriam went on to the terrace. The day was bright and pleasant.

"Tobin, I'll have breakfast out here."

"Yes, ma'am."

She felt deserted: lost and helpless, torn by love, tormented by doubt. She realised all at once that ever since their arrival Dirk had been silently pleading that she would approve of Susan, speak a word of admiration, make some gesture that would bring them together. But after last night she knew it was too late. There ought to be someone, Miriam thought, who would know the truth and point out the answer.

As she was finishing her coffee there came the sound of a motor, and Felicity turned her car into the driveway. The girl waved, got out, and walked to the terrace. Her face seemed pale and there were dark smudges under her amber eyes.

"Well, Felicity," Miriam said, "this is an unexpected pleasure. Will you have a cup of coffee?"

"No, thanks."

The girl lit a cigarette, stared at it for a moment, and then threw it across the lawn in a violent, despairing gesture.

"Dirk's in love with that girl, isn't he?" she said abruptly.

Miriam drew a long breath before she answered carefully, "Felicity, I don't know. It may be just the attraction of someone different."

"He's in love with her. I can tell. And she adores him. That little shy thing. What, as they say, does she have that I haven't got?"

"Aren't you jumping to conclusions, dear?"

"Dirk liked me once," Felicity went on, her voice unsteady. "And I loved him. Then he came to Bar Harbor and said things that Mother didn't approve of—like what was going on in the world and how people ought to act about them. It's silly, but Mother loathes anyone she doesn't understand or agree with."

"But she's known Dirk for years," Miriam protested.

"She's known him, of course, but she never paid much attention to him; he was just one of the crowd. She told me that I couldn't be happy with a person who had such different ideas. How did she know? I've never thought about anything—I mean the kind of things Dirk has got interested in at college. All I can do is play the piano, speak French, pour tea, ride horses, and walk downstairs with a book on my head. But how could she tell what I might be, married to Dirk?"

"Felicity, mothers—"

"I hate my mother!" the girl said savagely. "She says she wants me to be secure and happy and have all the things I'm accustomed to. But she made Dirk feel like a groom who was planning to run off with the boss' daughter. Dirk's proud. He wouldn't take it. He packed up, and that was the end."

"I've often wondered — I haven't seen much of your mother lately."

"If my father had lived maybe he would have been able to show my mother how she was wrong. He was something like Mr. Walker."

The words left Miriam unable to speak.

Felicity went on: "Dirk's somebody special, not like the rest of us. He's like—like sailing on a boat into a harbor where you've never been before. The way he used to talk about cruising with his father. Mother said Dirk would never fit into my life. What I wanted was to fit into his."

She put her hands over her face, and the tears ran down between her long tanned fingers.

"Felicity—don't," Miriam said helplessly.

After a moment the girl flung back her head and the

To page 51

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Continuing . . . . Misfit Fiancée

from page 50

flames glinted in the thick strands of her hair.

"Okay, Mrs. Walker. I'm a drip. Don't let it worry you. I'm going to marry Buzz Harper after I come out next autumn. Buzz doesn't have ideas that upset Mother. He hasn't any ideas at all. He's just rich and rides to hounds and gets charmingly soused."

"I don't see how you can accept this," Miriam said. "After the way you won the race yesterday—"

"Oh, I can bring a horse home. There's just me and the horse. But I can't jump all the fences Mother puts up. She's ruthless when she has decided on what she thinks is right. And, anyway, I've lost Dirk. Only, I'll always be in love with him—always."

She got up and passed the backs of her hands across her eyes in a childish gesture. "I'm not coming to supper. I've got a social headache. I'm going riding, and I'm going to jump every fence in the county."

"Felicity, you mustn't!"

"Oh, I won't break my neck. Girls like me never get their necks broken — only their hearts."

She got into the station waggon, slammed in the gears, and roared away.

Miriam watched the car pass out of sight. Felicity's revelation had left her shaken and, in a curious way, frightened. She had a momentary vision of the girl in headlong flight across the years, becoming more and more reckless and indifferent. But there must be some fundamental weakness in her character, Miriam thought; otherwise she would not have given in to her mother's demands.

Scattered phrases echoed in Miriam's mind: "She loathes anyone she doesn't understand" . . . "How could she tell what I might be? . . . "

Miriam walked slowly down to her garden, where the early spring flowers were in bloom. "How does anyone know?" she thought. "How do I know what is best for someone else, even someone I love?"

The sound of a car drew her attention to the house. A taxi had stopped in the driveway. Susan came out, carrying a bag and wearing the travelling suit in which she had arrived. She got into the cab and drove away.

Miriam stared after it in amazement. Where was the girl going? What was happening? Panic cut through her bewilderment. She ran across the garden and into the house. A note on the hall table instantly caught her eye. She unfolded it and began to read the small, careful writing:

"Dear Mrs. Walker,

"What I am doing is unforgivable, but I am sure you will understand—as I have, finally. Last night I realised that I do not fit into Dirk's life, or his home. This is not a criticism, merely an admission of the truth. The things I believe marriage should hold would not be possible for us, and I have no desire to wreck Dirk's life. We both may be unhappy for a while, but that's better than being unhappy for a lifetime. I'm sure you can explain this better to Dirk than I could. I do appreciate your kindness to me while at your home.

"Sincerely,
"Susan Barr.

"P.S. I insisted on Dirk playing golf with his father so that I could do this. I'm sorry I had to deceive him."

The ancient clock in the corner measured the silence.

Miriam had wished to know the truth. Now it had been made clear to her.

"I've been considering myself," she thought, "not my son. I've been wanting Dirk and Felicity to fit pleasantly and easily into my own comfortable life. I refused to face the intrusion of an unknown girl as a daughter-in-law, the difficult adjustments of one strange woman to another, the unmet parents living in a faraway place. Like Felicity's mother, I didn't want to be upset by something outside my environment."

She crumpled the note, glanced at the clock, and ran out to the garage. She got into her car and drove furiously. When did the trains to the city run on Sundays? She couldn't remember. Not as frequently as on weekdays. There might be time—there must be time. She stopped at the station in a screaming of brakes and tyres, and ran down the steps to the platform.

At the far end Susan sat alone on a wooden bench. She leaned back on the hard seat, her hat dangling from limp hands. Her extended feet in soft, heelless shoes seemed pathetic and defeated.

"She's been crying," Miriam thought. "How terrible!" She ran along the platform.

"Susan," she said.

The girl's eyes opened; they stared at her over the timeless space of anguish.

"You mustn't do this," Miriam said.

Susan sat up slowly. She drew her feet back under the bench.

"I'm sorry to have caused this trouble," she said with young dignity. "But I've made up my mind."

Miriam sat down beside her. "Do you love Dirk?" she asked.

"Of course."

"So do I."

"But you're his mother," Susan said.

"Yes," Miriam said, "but a mother is a curious creature where a son is concerned. She's also a wife and a lover and a friend and a gaoler . . . Oh, dear, you can't know what I mean."

"I'm a woman," Susan said. "Maybe I do."

"Mothers," Miriam said, "are jealous and possessive, adoring and protective, selfless and selfish."

"My mother," Susan said, "didn't want my brother to marry the girl he was in love with, but no one knew it except me. Now they are good friends."

"I think you and I could be," Miriam offered.

"I'd try," Susan said shyly.

"So will I," said Miriam. She drew a ring from her finger, an old-fashioned circlet of dull, twisted gold and diamonds.

"This," she said, "has been in Dirk's family a long time. It always goes to the eldest son's wife. Dirk knows what it means. Wear it."

Susan slipped it on and held her hand out into the sunlight.

"We must get back," Miriam said. "We'll want to be there, together, when Dirk comes home."

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the nurse comes. Do you know anything about nursing?"

"A little, I suppose, but—"

"That's fine. Will you do it? Stay with her tonight and watch her for me?"

"Why, of course," I said. "But surely someone else—I mean isn't there anyone more competent, more practised, perhaps, than I am? Mrs. Corrigan seems to know her stuff, and I imagine Mrs. Persimmon—"

"No doubt," he said dryly. "But has it not struck you, ma'am, that you're the only woman in the hotel who wasn't here at the time of the first murder?"

"I—I suppose I am. But, Inspector, you can't suspect a woman, surely? I mean—"

"Maybe not," he said, "but Mrs. Corrigan and Mrs. Persimmon have husbands. And I want no one into that room who might be in any way—er—involved." He shot me a queer look. "No one, on any excuse whatever. You follow me?"

"If you mean Nicholas," I said tartly, "I'm hardly 'involved' with him; and I assure you he's not likely to be admitted."

His mouth relaxed a little. "Now, now, lassie," he said, almost indulgently, "I wasn't meaning any such thing. Then I take it you'll do it?"

"Of course." I looked at him curiously. "Do you mean to tell me that I'm the only person here you don't suspect?"

"Let's say," he said cautiously, "that I don't suspect you of wanting to kill Roberta Symes."

And with that, we reached the hotel. Since Marion Bradford's body was in the room which she had shared with Roberta, and this had been locked by the police, I suggested that Roberta should be given the other bed in my room. The offer was approved by the Inspector, and accepted gratefully by the Persimmons, who were already harassed beyond belief. I left her being tucked up by Mrs. Persimmon and Mrs. Cowdray-Simpson, with Neill and the Inspector in at-

Continuing . . . . Wildfire at Midnight

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tendance, and went along to have a bath.

When eventually I got back to my room I found that a bright fire had been kindled on the hearth, and that a kettle was already singing on the bars. All the apparatus for making hot drinks was there, and a half-bottle of brandy gleamed on the bedside table.

The Inspector had gone, but Mrs. Persimmon was still busy over something by the hearth, and Neill rose from the chair by the fire and grinned shyly at me. He was a tall, overgrown lad of perhaps twenty, with graceful coltish movements, and the black hair and blue eyes of the true Celt. He said: "The doctor will be here soon, Mistress Brooke. Inspector Mackenzie told me to tell you. He says will you stay here with me till then?"

"Of course. Do we do anything for her meanwhile?"

Mrs. Persimmon rose to her feet. "We've packed her in hot-water bottles," she said. "She's as warm as we can get her, so all we can do now is wait for the doctor." She bent in a harassed way over Roberta's bed, twitching the blankets unnecessarily into place. She was a small woman, with a round face that normally was good-humored, and wispy, untidy brown hair. Her eyes were of the true glass-grey that you so seldom see, clear and lovely, but just now they were puckered and clouded with worry. "If she comes round enough to swallow, you could give her a little sweet tea—and I'll go down now and make some really good clear broth. But that's all we can do for the moment."

"Except," said Neill softly, "to watch her."

We both looked at him. I said uncertainly: "It all sounds very—very frightening, Neill. Does he really expect the murderer to try to get her in here?"

He spread out calloused, beautifully shaped hands. "If she talks, we can hang him," he said simply.

I went over to the bed and looked at her. She was lying very quietly now, and though I fancied that her skin had lost some of its icy glaze, it still had a tight-stretched pallor that was frightening. Her face was pinched and small; her body, too, was still and small in its packed blankets. Not dangerous; not "potential dynamite"; not worth the ghastly risk of silencing her . . . It seemed impossible that those dry lips should ever speak again.

But even as I turned from the bedside she stirred and moaned and her eyelids fluttered. The dark head shifted restlessly on the pillow.

"Here," said Mrs. Persimmon from the hearth. "Here's the tea."

With anxious concentration we fed a few drops of the weak sweet stuff between her lips, and saw with delight the faint ripple of the throat-muscles as she swallowed. I began, spoonful by spoonful, to pour the life-giving glucose into her, watching anxiously for any sign of change in that effigy of a face.

"I'll go and see about the broth," said Mrs. Persimmon at length, and went out.

The telephone rang. I jumped violently, spilling tea on the bedclothes. Neill lifted the receiver, listened, and then said to me: "The Inspector's on his way up, ma'am. The doctor's here."

"Thank heaven for that!" I said fervently.

"Yes, indeed."

A minute later we admitted Inspector Mackenzie and the doctor, and thankfully watched the competent way in which the latter examined Roberta. At length he pulled the bedclothes back over her, and looked across the bed at the Inspector.

"I can't find anything wrong except the leg," he said brusquely. "Bruises and lacerations, yes; they'll heal, given time. But we'll have to deal with the leg now. I'll need Mary Persimmon to help me, and someone else."

He glanced at me from under inquiring brows, but the Inspector intervened. "No, Miss Brooke's done enough for today, and besides, she has to be night nurse. Tell Mrs. Persimmon to bring one of the maids up with her, and I'll stay here myself. There's a telephone, doctor, if you want to give your orders."

"What? Oh, ah, yes." The doctor lifted the receiver, and began to dictate a list of his requirements.

Inspector Mackenzie turned to me. "I've asked the cook to give you something to eat as soon as possible," he said. "It'll be ready in the kitchen in ten minutes or so. You go on down,

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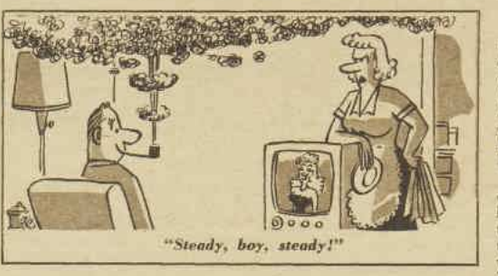

"Steady, boy, steady!"

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GOT THOSE

fry-day blues?

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AIRWICK KILLS SMELLS FAST!

Continuing . . . .

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lassie. I'll call you when we want you back."

I gave another look at the small figure in the bed, and then made my way downstairs to the lounge.

Roderick was in the hall. He must have been waiting for me, because, as soon as I appeared, he strode towards the foot of the stairs, looking anxious.

"Is she all right? What does the doctor say?"

"He didn't say very much," I replied. "He's found no actual damage beyond the broken leg, but I imagine it's the two nights in the cave that will kill her if anything does."

"What does he think of her chances?"

"He didn't say. I suppose she has as good a chance as anyone could have after what she's been through. She's young and very strong, and she did find herself a dry corner out of the wind and rain."

"She's still unconscious, of course?"

"Oh, yes."

"She'll pull through it," he said confidently. "Once they get the leg set—I suppose they're doing that now?"

"Yes. Mrs. Persimmon's helping. They sent me down, I'm glad to say."

"And I'm glad they did. You look washed out, Janet."

I smiled. "Thank you for nothing."

"Sorry, but it's true." He was still looking worried. "You won't have to go back and sit with her, will you?"

"I think the Inspector wants me to stay in the room tonight."

"But that's absurd!" he said angrily. "You've done more than enough for one day! Why can't Mrs. Corrigan stay with her?"

"She's done quite as much as I have."

"Well, Mrs. Cowdray-Simpson, then?"

I said, carefully: "Inspector Mackenzie has allowed me to understand that he doesn't include me in his list of suspects."

"He doesn't—?" He broke off, and his blue eyes narrowed. "Surely he doesn't suspect any of the women?"

"I rather think he suspects everybody," I said, uncomfortably. "At any rate, I'm not married to a suspect, either, you see."

He opened his mouth as if to speak, and then shut it again in a hard line. His eyes slid away from mine and he studied the pattern of the carpet.

I swallowed, and said hastily: "I'll be all right, Roderick. All I have to do is give her a drink every now and again, and I can get some sleep between times. In fact, it's terribly snug in there, with a fire, and a kettle to make tea, and all the works!"

"Does the Inspector—?" He paused, and shot a quick glance round the hall, then lowered his voice. "Does the Inspector think there's still any danger to Roberta from—him?"

The last syllable fell queerly, whispered in the empty hall. I found myself lowering my voice in reply.

"I think so. But he's taking precautions. Roberta'll be safe enough, and, by the same token, so will I." I smiled at him again. "So don't worry!"

"Very well, then, I won't. As a matter of fact," his voice was suddenly grave, and a little abstracted, "as a matter of fact, I think you're probably the only person in the hotel who isn't—"

"Suspected of murder?"

"No. Who isn't in danger from the murderer . . . ."

He looked at me then, with a strange hesitant look that seemed to be mingled of both pity and dread, and something else that I found it hard to

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MARIGNY

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• *Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 69. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.*

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The gargling of Listerine, three times a day, is a potent protection. Antiseptic Listerine reduces germs on mouth and throat surfaces by as much as 96.7%, 15 minutes after gargling . . . as much as 80% even an hour later.

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read. I felt my heart jump and twist painfully inside my ribs, and I could not meet his look. I turned sharply away towards the lounge door, saying in a tight, flat little voice, "I'll go and ring for a drink . . ."

. . . . . .

There seemed to be a crowd of people in the lounge, all gathered into small groups near the blazing fire. The air was a hiss of whispered conversations, which ceased abruptly as I came in. Heads swivelled, eyes stared, and then a fusillade of questions met me.

"How is she?" came simultaneously from Mrs. Cowdray-Simpson, her husband, Hubert Hay, and Alastair. Alma Corrigan's quick, "Has she said anything yet?" cut across it like a knife.

I crossed to the fire and held my hands to the blaze. "The doctor's with her now, setting the leg. Apart from that, the damage appears to be superficial, and the doctor said nothing to me about her chances of recovery from the exposure." I looked at Alma Corrigan, who was twisting an empty whisky-glass round and round in her fingers. She looked, I thought, frightened. I said: "I don't think she's said anything yet."

As I turned to ring for a drink, I saw that Hartley Corrigan had moved up near his wife, and had sat down on the arm of her chair. It made a nice change, anyway, I thought, and wondered, a trifle sardonically, where Marcia was at this moment. One thing was certain, she was well out of whatever was going on here, though just now I would have welcomed the company of one other person in the same equivocal position as myself.

There was nothing overt in the manner of anyone in the room to suggest that they knew or resented the fact that I alone was free from police suspicion, but still I felt isolated among them, uncomfortably a sheep in the middle of the goats. And there had been something oddly protective about that gesture of Hartley Corrigan's.

Mrs. Cowdray - Simpson looked up again from the inevitable knitting. "I presume—I hope—the police will take adequate precautions to protect that girl from this beast that's loose among us?"

The phrase sounded curiously shocking, and the speaker seemed to realise this, for the pale eyes behind her spectacles moved round the group, and she said, almost defensively: "There's a murderer in the room; you can't get away from that fact."

"Not necessarily," said Alastair, rather dryly. "We're not all here. Grant, Drury, Persimmon, not to mention Jamesy Farlane . . . they lengthen the odds a little, Mrs. Cowdray-Simpson." He gave a hard little laugh that held no trace of amusement.

"What odds do I lengthen a little?" This was from Roderick, pushing through the swing doors with a glass in either hand.

"We're just beginning to take seriously the fact that someone in this hotel is a murderer," said Alastair.

Roderick gave me a glass, and his eyes met mine in a quick look. He said, a little coldly: "Is anything to be gained by discussing it here?

"Think of something flattering to say to a woman who won a beauty contest in 1935!"

I imagine the police have it pretty well in hand. They can usually be trusted to do their own job."

"If they only look after that girl Roberta, and pull her round," said Mrs. Cowdray-Simpson, "she'll do the job for them."

"There'll be a constable watching her all night," I said.

"Young Neill Graham? Is that quite—adequate?"

I hesitated, and then said: "I'm staying with her, too." I added lamely: "She's in my room."

"Oh . . ." Once again I felt the imperceptible withdrawal of the group, leaving me, as it were, marooned alone on the hearthrug, isolated by my innocence.

"Won't you be frightened?" This from Alma Corrigan. Was there, or was I imagining it, a trace of malice in her tone?

"I don't think so." I took a drink, and gave the group a quick look over the rim of my glass. "Where's Mr. Drury?"

"I think he went out to the garage." It was Hubert Hay who answered. "He's lost a book, and he thinks he left it in his car."

"Why?" asked Alma Corrigan, and this time I certainly heard the venom in her voice. "Has the Inspector asked for a report on our movements?"

I felt myself go scarlet, but I held on to my temper, and said, very evenly: "I am not, as you imply, Mrs. Corrigan, appointed by the police to spy on you all. I happen to be in the lucky position of not being a suspect, simply because I wasn't here when the first murder was committed, and since the odds are that we have only one murderer and not two, I can't be guilty. So the Inspector can leave me with Roberta until the nurse comes."

"It's monstrous to suggest—" began Roderick, hotly, to Alma Corrigan, but I cut across him.

"It's all right, Roderick. And the suggestion isn't so very monstrous, after all. I'm certainly co-operating with the police—I hope we all are. And if that includes giving the Inspector an account of anyone's movements at any time, I'll do my utmost to describe them for him."

"Well!" said Alma Corrigan. "I must say—" Her husband dropped a hand on her arm, and she broke off. I said to her, coldly: "I should hardly need to point out that this isn't a case of the police versus a bunch of suspects. It's a case of the murderer versus every single other person here."

"Good for you!" said Hubert Hay unexpectedly.

Colonel Cowdray-Simpson cleared his throat. His face looked all at once remote and austere, with a curious withdrawn intelligence that his gentleness had hidden before; it was a look both forbidding and compassionate, the look of a judge rather than of a soldier.

I found myself wondering if he were a magistrate. "It is more than that, my dear young lady," he said to me. "Each case of murder is a case of the

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Adam and Eve

● Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

RETURNING from a bush walk my wife and I came to the turn-off. I said to the left, she said to the right. Naturally we turned right. After trudging along for about a mile in the wrong direction I said, "What about it now?" By this time the little woman was tired and cross, but did she apologise? Not on your life. She turned on me and said:

"Well, it's your fault. You should have made me go the other way."

£2/2/- awarded to C. F. Jones, 570 Glebe Rd., Adamstown, Newcastle.

JUST LIKE A MAN

MY husband and I were discussing a forthcoming function to be held in our district to which we were invited. Not wishing to go, I made several excuses, saying that I did not feel at home at such affairs, and suggested he should go alone. All of which brought forth the gallant remark:

"What nonsense! You'll be in your element, helping with supper and doing the washing up!"

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. P. L. O'Neill, North Tumbulgum, Tweed River, N.S.W.

● Send your entries to "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Man's T-shirt in striped cotton

Sizes 40, 42, and 44

Materials: Ten balls selected color and 8 balls contrasting color Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20; Milwards "Phantom" knitting needles No. 10.

Tension: 7½ sts. and 9 rows to 1in.

Measurements: To fit 40 (42, 44) in. chest; length from shoulder 23¾ (23½, 24½) in.

Directions are given for 40in. chest. Changes for 42 and 44 are in parentheses. Use double thread throughout.

BACK

With selected color, cast on 150 (158, 166) sts. Work in st-st. (k 1 row, p 1 row) for ¼in., ending with a k row.

Next Row (Hemline): K across.

Now work in stripe patt. as follows:

1st to 6th Row: With selected color, work in st-st.

7th to 12th Row: Join on contrasting color and work in st-st.

13th to 18th Row: With selected color work in st-st.

CLOSE-UP of the pattern shows the contrasting stripes of six rows of stocking-stitch.

KNITTED T-SHIRT is a wonderful garment for the sportsman. Make it for him to wear sailing, to the beach, or for lounging at home. It takes 18 balls of cotton.

The last 12 rows (7th to 18th row inclusive) constitute the stripe patt.

Work in stripe patt. until piece measures 15 (15, 15½) in. from hemline, ending with a p row.

Place a marker at both ends of next row (to indicate start of armholes) and continue to work in stripe patt. until piece measures 8½ (8½, 9) in. from marker, ending with a p row.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows.

Next Row: K across.

Following Row (Hemline): K across.

With selected color only, work in st-st. for 10 rows, dec. 1 st. at both ends of every alt. row. Cast off rem. sts. loosely.

FRONT

Work exactly as for back.

SLEEVES

With selected color, cast on 112 (116, 120) sts. Work in st-st. for ¾in., ending with a k row.

Next Row (Hemline): K across.

Now work in stripe patt. as for back until piece measures 5 (5½, 5½) in. from hemline, ending with same stripe as on back at underarm. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out to measurements. Sew up side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Turn under all hems and stitch in place. Sew in sleeves. Damp and press.

For chignon glamor

THE practical idea of working fine elastic into a glamor crocheted chignon net (below) originated in the U.S.A.

Here are the directions:

Materials: One ball selected color Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20; large and small colored beads and sequins; piece of tubular elastic; Milwards steel crochet hook No. 3.

Tension: 3 rows to 1¼in. in diameter.

Measurements: 7in. in diameter.

Commence with 10 ch, join with a sl-st. to form a ring.

1st Row: 4 ch., * 1 tr. into ring, 1 ch.; rep. from * 14 times more, 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 4 ch.

2nd Row: 4 ch. * 2 dbl. tr. into next 1 ch. sp., 1 dbl. tr. into next tr., 2 ch., 1 dbl. tr into next tr.; rep. from * omitting 1 dbl. tr. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into 4th of 4 ch.

3rd Row: 4 ch., 1 dbl. tr. into same place as last sl-st., * 1 dbl. tr. into next dbl. tr., 1 ch., 1 dbl. tr. into next dbl. tr., 2 dbl. tr. into next dbl. tr., 3 ch., 2 dbl. tr. into next dbl. tr.; rep. from * omitting 2 dbl. tr. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into 4th of 4 ch.

4th Row: 1 sl-st. into each of next 2 dbl. tr. and into sp., 4 ch., 2 dbl. tr. into same sp. leaving the last loop of each on hook, thread over and draw through all loops on hook (a cluster made), * 4 ch., 4 dbl. tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 4 ch., a 3 dbl. tr. cluster into next 1 ch. sp.; rep. from * omitting a 3 dbl. tr. cluster at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into top of first cluster.

5th Row: 6 ch., 1 dbl. tr. into same place as last sl-st., * 4 ch., 2 dbl. tr. into next dbl. tr., 1 dbl tr. into next dbl. tr., 1 ch., 1 dbl. tr. into next dbl. tr., 2 dbl. tr. into next dbl. tr., 4 ch., 1 dbl. tr. 2 ch. and 1 dbl. tr. into top of next cluster; rep. from * omitting 1 dbl. tr. 2 ch. and 1 dbl. tr. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into 4th of 6 ch.

6th Row: 1 sl-st. into first sp., 4 ch., 3 dbl. tr. into same sp., * 8 ch., a 3 dbl. tr. cluster into next 1 ch. sp., 8 ch., 4 dbl. tr. into next 2 ch. sp.; rep. from * omitting 4 dbl. tr. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into 4th of 4 ch.

7th Row: 1 sl-st. into each of next 2 dbl. tr., 8 ch., * 4 dbl. tr. into next 8 ch. sp., 4 ch., 1 dbl. tr. into top of next cluster, 4 ch., 4 dbl. tr. into next 8 ch. sp., 4 ch., miss 2 dbl. tr., 1 dbl. tr. into next dbl. tr., 4 ch.; rep. from * omitting 1 dbl. tr. and 4 ch. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into 4th of 8 ch.

8th Row: 6 ch., 1 dbl. tr. into same place as last sl-st., * 3 ch., 1 dbl. tr. into each of next 2 dbl. tr., 2 ch., 1 dbl. tr. into each of next 2 dbl. tr., 3 ch., 1 dbl. tr. 2 ch. and 1 dbl. tr. into next dbl. tr., rep. from * omitting 1 dbl. tr. 2 ch and 1 dbl. tr. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into 4th of 6 ch.

9th Row: 1 sl-st. into first sp., 4 ch., 3 dbl. tr. into same sp., * 5 ch., a 3 dbl. tr. cluster into next 2 ch. sp., 5 ch., 4 dbl. tr. into next 2 ch. sp.; rep. from * omitting 4 dbl. tr. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into 4th of 4 ch.

10th Row: 1 sl-st. into each of next 2 dbl. tr., 8 ch., * 1 dbl. tr. into next sp., 4 ch. 1 dbl. tr. into top of next cluster, 4 ch., 1 dbl. tr. into next sp., 4 ch., miss next 2 dbl. tr., 1 dbl tr. into next dbl. tr., 4 ch.; rep. from * omitting 1 dbl. tr. and 4 ch. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into 4th of 8 ch.

11th Row: Join elastic to fit bun, work 4 d.c. into each sp. working over elastic at same time, 1 sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten off.

Sew beads and sequins in position as desired.

CROCHETED in a fishnet design and trimmed with sequins, beads, or crystals, this chignon net means evening glamor.

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Continuing . . . . Wildfire at Midnight

murderer versus every civilised human being. Once a man has put his hand to murder he is automatically outcast. I would go further than that. I would assert that once the very idea of extreme physical violence has occurred to a man as an acceptable solution to any problem, then he is in danger of forfeiting his claim to consideration as a civilised being."

"That's a strong statement, sir," said Roderick.

"I happen to feel strongly about it," retorted the Colonel.

"Do you apply the same principle to nations as to individuals? You a military man?"

"I do."

"To acts of war?"

"To acts of aggression. It seems to me a denial of the intellectual progress of centuries for a nation to consider violence as a tool of policy."

"All the same," said Alma Corrigan mulishly, "it's absurd that we should all be treated as suspects. The police must have some idea who did it."

"If they haven't now," said Hubert Hay, "they certainly will have as soon as Roberta Symes opens her mouth."

There was a nasty little silence.

I set down my glass with a click on the glass-topped table. "Well," I said, "for the sake of everybody here who isn't a murderer, I promise you that Roberta will be kept safe until she does open her mouth."

Then I walked out of the room.

It didn't take much, I thought, to skin the veneer of politeness and sophistication off people who were in some kind of danger. There had been some strong undercurrents there in the lounge tonight, and I had a feeling that, if one had been able to trace them out, one would be a fair way to solving the mystery.

On the face of it, I thought (as I crossed the hall and started down the dark passage towards the kitchens and back premises), I would be inclined to absolve the Colonel. He had delivered himself so convincingly of his principles; but then (I added a despairing rider), that, surely, might be just what a murderer would do! And, heaven knew, our murderer was clever. He was an actor who could hide the instincts of a werewolf under an impeccably civilised exterior. Nobody in the lounge tonight, hearing his own condemnation, the statement of his utter isolation from the rest of us, had so much as batted an eyelid. But then, of course, the murderer might not have been in the lounge . . . There were other possibilities, as Alastair had pointed out.

I turned a corner of the passage and ran straight into Nicholas.

Literally ran into him, I mean. He caught me by the arms and steadied me, peering down in the dimness of the passage.

"Why," he said softly, "it's our little copper's nark. The Inspector's not down this way, darling."

I did lose my temper then. I blazed at him, pulling against the pressure of his hands. "Let me go, Nicholas! Let me go! Don't you dare to speak to me like that! You've no right—"

"So you keep telling me. Where are you going?"

"That's none of your business!"

"It's anybody's business in this murderous locality to stop you from wandering about in the dark alone."

"I'm going to the kitchen to get some food," I said waspishly, "and I'm in a hurry."

He did not move. "Where's the boy-friend?"

"What d'you mean?"

"Your cavalier with the golden hair. Why isn't he playing bodyguard?"

"You always did have a filthy tongue, Nicholas," I said bitterly.

"I did, didn't I?" He grinned sardonically. "You could say it's a valuable stock-in-trade as a writer, though perhaps as a husband—"

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"Exactly. Now let me go."

"Just a moment. I'm quite serious, as it happens, Gianetta. It seems to me you're altogether too fond of wandering about the place alone—or with somebody you don't know. If you had a grain of sense you'd know this chap meant business. Aren't you scared?"

"I wasn't," I said tartly, "until three minutes ago."

I don't know what made me say it. The instant the words were out I regretted them, but it was too late. He dropped his hands from my arms and stood looking down at me in the semi-darkness. I thought he must hear the thudding of my heart.

> **If I were a medical man, I would prescribe a holiday to any patient who considered his work important.**
>
> *—Bertrand Russell*

"O—ho . . ." he said at length, and then, very softly: "Sits the wind in that quarter?"

I was silent. I wanted to run from him, towards the lights and warmth of the kitchen, but I was held there, nailed to the passage-wall by the hammer-blows of my own heart.

Nicholas said: "So you're afraid I'll kill you, Gianetta. Do you really think I'd do that, Gianetta? Cut that pretty throat, Gianetta . . . and all for what? Auld lang syne?"

"Do you need a reason?" My voice was a whisper that sounded strange to me. This could not be happening; this fantastic conversation could not be taking place . . . "Do you need a reason?" I whispered.

He did not reply. He stood looking at me in silence, his face, in that uncertain light, quite inscrutable. At length he said, in quite a different tone: "What's your proof?"

I almost jumped. "I haven't any."

"If you had, would you hand me over—for auld lang syne?"

Fantasy . . . thickening round us like the spinning of a spider's web. He might have been asking if I wanted more house-keeping money. I put a hand to my head. "I—don't know, Nicholas."

"You—don't—know." His tone brought the blood to my face.

"Nicholas," I said desperately, "try to understand—"

"You were my wife."

"I know, but—"

"You always used to say that you didn't believe in divorce."

"I know," I said again, a little drearily. It was auld lang syne, all right. Every quarrel we had ever had had ended with my being forced on to the defensive. I heard the familiar note of excuse creeping into my voice again now, feebly, infuriatingly: "But it wasn't my fault we got divorced."

"Even so, according to what you used to say, you should think of yourself as still bound to me . . . or do you—now?"

"Now? I don't follow."

"No? I was harking back to the blond boy-friend."

He gave a hard little laugh. "You've got a nasty problem, haven't you, Gianetta? Moral loyalty versus civic duty . . . or does the situation simplify itself now into the old love versus the new? It would save you a lot of trouble if you could hand me over this minute, wouldn't it?"

The outrage that swept over me was as real, as physical, as shock. I went cold. My voice dropped to a flat icy calm: "If you had been in the lounge just now, you'd have heard Colonel Cowdray-Simpson expressing what happen to be my views. He said that by an act of violence, like murder, a man

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Are you in the know?

If your hands are clammy, what helps?

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☐ *Use an anti-perspirant.*

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cuts himself off from his fellows, and forfeits his—his human rights. If I were still your wife"—I put my hands against the wall behind me, feeling for its solid bracing comfort—"if I were still—legally—your wife, I shouldn't help to incriminate you, even if I could, because, as your wife, I should be identified with you in all you did . . . but I would leave you. I couldn't stay with you, knowing you were—"

"Cain?"

"I—yes."

There was an odd note in his voice. "And as it is?"

"As it is—" I stopped, and to my horror my voice caught on a little sob. "As it is," I said raggedly. "I don't know. Now let me by."

He moved without a word, and I ran past him, and down the passage to the kitchen.

In the kitchen there was light, and warmth, and the good smell of food. The cook was busy over the stove, and one of the girls who waited at table was bustling about with stacks of plates.

I hesitated inside the doorway, conscious suddenly of my shaking hands and the tears in my eyes, but Cook looked up, gave me a flushed, fat smile, and pointed to a place set at one end of the big scrubbed table.

"If it's nae odds, mistress," she said in a brisk Lowland voice, "ye can hae yer denner in here. Ye'll get it hetter and quicker. Yon Inspector telt me ye'd want it the noo."

"It's very good of you. I hope it's not too much of a nuisance."

"Nae trouble at all," said Cook comfortably, not moving from the range. "Effie, gie the lady some soup."

Effie was thin and dark, with enormous eyes that devoured me with curiosity. She brought me a plate of steaming soup, putting it down in front of me warily, almost as if I might bite. Then she backed off a step or two, gripping the front of her apron.

"Noo, Effie!" This sharply, from Cook. "Gang awa' intae the dining-room wi' the breed!"

Effie went, casting a longing, lingering look behind. As the

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kitchen door swung to behind her, Cook put down her ladle, and said, in a hoarse, impressive whisper: "Sic a cairry-on, mistress, wi' a' them murrders! It's fair awesome. It garrs yer bluid rin cauld!"

I agreed mechanically. The hot soup was wonderfully comforting, and the bright warmth of the kitchen rapidly helped to dispel the effect of that fantastic little interview in the passage. Cook leaned her plump red fists on the opposite end of the table and regarded me with a sort of professional pleasure.

"Noo, they're grand broth, aren't they?"

"They're — it's excellent, Cook."

"They're pittin' a bit reid intae yer cheeks. Ye looked fair weshed oot and shilpit-like when ye cam' in, I'll say. They were sayin' it was you found her?"

"Yes, I was lucky."

"It was her that was lucky, the puir lassie, to be livin' the day." She nodded heavily. "Mony's the yin that hasnae been sae lucky—and I canna mind a waur simmer."

"Well," I said, "it isn't every year you get—murder.

"No. Guid be thankit. But I wasna' meanin' that." She whipped away my empty soup plate and substituted a lamb chop flanked with peas and roast potatoes. "It was the accidents on the hill I was meanin'."

"Oh?" I remembered something somebody else had said. "Has this year really been worse than usual?"

"Aye, that it has, miss. Thae twa lassies"—she jerked her head vaguely towards the ceiling — "they're the third casualties we've had this season, no' coontin' murrders."

"Who were the others?"

"Weel, there was a pair frae London—the daft craturs went into the Cuillins wi' neither map nor compass. They were no' fun' till a week after, lyin' at the fit o' a pressy-piece."

"How dreadful! Had the mist come down on them?"

"The day they went up it was as clear as—as consommay," said Cook. "Naebody kens what happened."

"It's a big price to pay for a bit of carelessness." I said.

"Aye, it's that. But them hills are no' to be taen lightly . . . aye, and that puir man lyin' upstairs, he's mony a time said the verra same, and a grand climber he was an' a'. Aipple tairt."

"I beg your pardon? Oh, I see. Thank you, Cook. This is very good."

"It's no sae bad," said Cook complacently, watching me sample her rich, flyaway pastry. "Then there was twa o' them students, frae the College at Oxford-and-Cambridge. They baith tummled doon frae a muckle rock—gey near the same bit."

"Dead?"

"Aye, deid as a stane. The rope snappit."

I PUT my spoon and fork down carefully, side by side, on my empty plate, and stared at them for a moment. But I wasn't seeing them. I was seeing, in a queer fugitive vision, two pairs of climbers climbing in the Cuillin . . . but in each case another climber moved with them; the third climber, in whose presence ropes snapped and bodies hurtled to their death . . .

"A cup o' coffee noo?" suggested Cook.

"I'd love one," I said, "but I think I'd better take it upstairs to drink. The doctor must have finished up there, and Mrs. Persimmon'll want to come down."

"Hoo was the lassie when ye left her?" She set a large blue cup on the table, and began to pour coffee.

"Not too good. But I've a feeling she's going to be all right."

"Thank guidness. I've gien ye the big cup. Ye'd better tak' it quick, while it's warm. Sugar?"

"Please. Thank you very much, Cook. That was excellent. I feel a whole lot better."

"Aye, an' ye look it," said Cook. "Mind ye keep the door lockit the nicht, ma lassie."

"I certainly will," I said fervently, and got up as she turned back to her stove.

There was no one in the passage. I went quickly along it, round the corner, with my heart beating a little jerkily, then out into the open hall. Nicholas was there, leaning over the reception desk talking in an undertone to Bill Persimmon. He saw me, but beyond a slight twitch of his black brows he gave no sign. I ignored him, and almost ran up the stairs, balancing my cup of coffee carefully.

I met Mrs. Persimmon and a maid on the landing.

"Oh, there you are, Miss Brooke!" Mrs. Persimmon still sounded harassed, which was hardly surprising. "Did you get some dinner?"

"Yes, thank you, I've done very well."

"Oh, good, good. Well, the police are expecting you now, I think . . ."

"How's Miss Symes?"

"I hardly know. Still unconscious, and the doctor won't say very much. Oh, dear, oh, dear . . ." And she plunged downstairs, followed by the maid laden with crumpled linen. I heard her still lamenting faintly as I went along to my room and knocked on the door.

The Inspector opened it.

"Ah, Miss Brooke. Come away in."

He shut the door carefully behind me. The doctor had gone. Roberta, in her blankets, looked very white and still, so white that I exclaimed anxiously: "Inspector Mackenzie, is she all right?"

He nodded. "The doctor thinks so. He says she'll pull through."

"That's wonderful!"

His eye was on Roberta's

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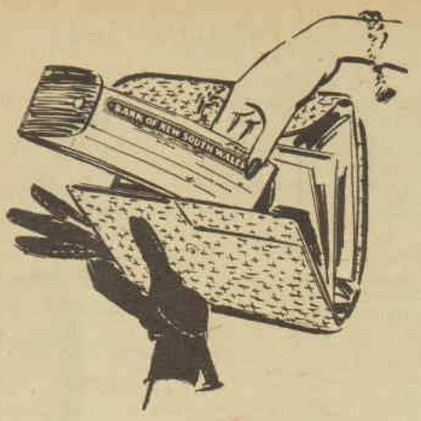

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Continuing . . . . **Wildfire at Midnight**

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quiet, shuttered face. "Aye," he said, his voice expressionless. Then he turned to me. "And you? Did you get some food?"

"Yes. Cook fed me in the kitchen."

"Good. How do you feel now?"

I smiled. "Ready for anything— But I hope you're going to tell me what to do, before I'm left alone with the patient."

"The doctor left instructions, and I wrote them down for you." He indicated a paper on the bedside table. "But it's mostly a case of keeping the hot-bottles filled and the room warm. You can give her a little broth or tea with a dash of brandy in, whenever she'll take it. The doctor had a confinement due, so he had to go, but if you get at all worried, you can get hold of me and I'll ring up the Broadford hospital for advice."

"D'you mean I'm to send Neill for you?"

"No. Use the telephone. I'm using Miss Maling's room. I'll probably be up most of the night, but when I do go upstairs I'll switch it through to there. Don't hesitate to ring up if you're in the least nervous or worried. We'll be about all night."

"I won't."

"Good. Well, now—" he turned to Neill, who had appeared in the doorway. "Neill, you know what to do. Make yourself comfortable. Sergeant Munro'll relieve you at two o'clock, and I'll be along myself now and again to see everything's all right. I doubt if any of us'll get much sleep tonight . . ." He crossed to the window and stood looking out. "There's a mist coming up. A pity; it's never a help on this kind of job. I think . . ." He reached a hand up and snecked the window shut. "That disposes of that; d'you mind being a trifle stuffy?"

"Under the circumstances, not at all."

"That's all right, then. Well, I'll leave you. I'm afraid you've a long night ahead of you, but I think it's a safe night. And —oh, yes, Major Persimmon is to keep the dynamo running all night, so the lights will be on. All right, Neill?"

"Yes, sir."

He turned to me. "Are you a light sleeper, lassie?"

"I think so."

"There's no need for you to stay awake all night, you know. She'll sleep, and if she wants you, Neill will wake you. Get some rest yourself between whiles. Right?"

"Right."

"Well, good night, lassie."

"Inspector Mackenzie—"

He was already at the door. He turned with his hand on the knob. "Yes?"

"There are some things—I have a few things you ought to know."

"Important?"

"I—I'm not sure."

"Anything that'll enable me to arrest our murderer here and now?"

"Oh, no. No."

His eyes considered me, queerly. "You've located him, haven't you?"

"No!" The single syllable came violently, surprising me as much as the Inspector.

He looked at me for a moment. "Then I dare say it'll keep till morning, ma'am," he said.

He went out. I went quickly across the room and turned the key. The whirr and click of the wards was reassuring, and the chock as the bolt slid home punctuated our security with sharp finality.

. . . . . .

The long evening dragged through and the night came. I nodded over the fire with "The Bride of Lammermoor," fighting off the feeling of desperate tiredness that threatened to overwhelm me. Neill sat in the shadows beside Roberta's bed, his long body still and relaxed in the wicker chair, his back to me and the rest of the room. Roberta stirred once or twice, but her breathing seemed every moment more natural, and her color improved, so that it was with a reasonably quiet mind that I eventually put down my book and decided to try to get some sleep.

I crossed the room softly towards my bed. "Good night, Neill."

"Good night, miss," he answered without turning his head, and, absurdly enough, I felt a wave of relief pass over me at the quiet reply. It was as if one of the still shadows of the room had offered reassurance; and it brought home to me the unwelcome realisation that, in spite of all precautions, in spite of Neill's very presence, I was really very nervous indeed. I chided myself sharply as I wound up my little bedside clock and slid my feet out of my slippers.

The room was locked, door and window, and Neill—solid, dependable Neill—was here with me; and there, at arm's length, on the other end of the telephone, was Inspector Mackenzie.

I TURNED back the eiderdown and crept underneath it, wrapping the full skirt of my housecoat round me. My whole body ached with weariness, but I had no fear that I should sleep too soundly to hear Roberta moving. There were other fears that would keep me too near the edge of consciousness for that . . .

I was quite right. I dozed and waked, and dozed again—little uneasy snatches of sleep that might have been of a minute's or of an hour's duration. Twice, Roberta stirred and whimpered and had me up on my elbow in a flash; but each time she subsided once more into sleep. Once, some time soon after midnight, she seemed to rouse more fully, so I got up and heated broth, and Neill and I managed to make her swallow half a dozen spoonfuls before she turned her head away with a tiny petulant movement, and subsided again into sleep.

Another time I remember boiling more water for bottles, and I recollect, dimly, the quiet change-over of watchers, as Hector Munro relieved Neill at two o'clock; and I remember twice, as in a recurrent dream, the Inspector's voice outside the locked door, asking how we did. Some time during the dead hours Hecky made a cup of tea—strong this time—and I drank it curled up warmly under my eiderdown before I got up yet again to fill hot-water bottles . . .

I did my job efficiently enough, I know, but I must have moved through that firelit fantasy in a state suspended between wakefulness and dream, so that, looking back now, I can hardly tell where the reality ended and the nightmare began. Indeed, my memory now is of a night of continuous nightmare, where the ordinariness of the tasks which engaged me could not hold at bay the shadows haunting, uneasily, the corners of the firelit room. The ticking of my little clock, the workaday hum of the singing kettle —these homely sounds became, to me lying dozing through the small, crawling hours, distorted into the very stuff of nightmare—manifestations as eerie and terror-filled as the shadows that gibbered across the fire-flickering ceiling above my head.

Shadows and fire . . . shadows across the glare . . . shadows coalescing even as I watched into the image of the murderer gesticulating before the flames, dancing crazily round a pyre that grew and swelled and dilated into a gigantic smoking shape, a red-hot Paracutin of a bonfire, a veritable hell's mountain . . . And now it was Blaven itself that loomed over me, lit with flames. And a solitary, faceless climber straddled that devil's gully, pulling after him a length of cut rope. Somewhere, a knife gleamed, and I heard the soft stutter of two voices in counterpoint, wavering through the sound of falling water . . . You used to be my wife . . . you've located him, haven't you? . . . you've got a nasty problem, haven't

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Wouldn't you know he's Judy Holliday's son?

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TREE FERNS bring cool, restful greenery to the garden. In this picture, the tree in the centre is Dicksonia Antarctica and the lower ferns are Osmundas. Tree ferns need plenty of space and thrive when given moist soil conditions.

To grow ferns

● Fern culture is limited in the warmest parts of Australia to the growing of a few hardy species which do best in bush-houses.

BUT wherever gardens have a number of trees and the soil is moist they can be grown easily out of doors.

They are natives of woodland, deep, shady gullies, and their native habitat must be imitated by the gardener for best results.

Tree-ferns, as their name denotes, grow to tree-like proportions, require ample space, and, although a few are fairly hardy and thrive in open gardens, all do best when given protection and moist soil.

The King fern belongs to the tree-ferns. Known to botanists as Todea barbara, it rarely exceeds 5ft., has a short, stout trunk, and coarse fronds of good appearance often 8ft. long. It does best in swampy country among timber.

Dicksonia youngia is a native of New South Wales and Queensland, and grows to about 20ft.

The fronds are leathery, glossy, and the stems covered with glossy brown fibres or hairs. It is a hardy species.

Another tree-fern often grown in gardens is Cyathea brownii.

It does well in protected positions, but thrives, and makes fine, restful greenery inside a fairly lofty bush-house.

Probably the most popular tree-fern is Alsophila Australis,

GARDENING

which grows naturally in Tasmania, Victoria, Queensland, and N.S.W.

This, like most others, requires partial covering or overhead protection among thin timber.

It is a very tall grower and often reaches 50ft. Under drier garden conditions, it may not exceed eight to 10ft.

The so-called potato fern, Marattia fraxinea, while not a tree-fern, throws out large, spreading fronds nine to 12ft. long. It also needs a moist, protected position.

Most of the other ferns mentioned here do best in the bush-house or fernery, or in shady, moist beds.

Most can be potted up for shelf-work, or taken indoors to cool rooms during the summer.

The adiantums, or maidenhair ferns, are numerous. Many are natives of N.S.W., and are readily obtainable on the edges of slow creeks, or in moist gullies.

Some of the best are found on acid-soil banks where the mist from small waterfalls sprays them regularly.

But they should be left alone, as they are usually in national parks and protected.

A particularly handsome fern is Cyclosorus truncatus. The fronds grow to about 8ft. from sturdy brown crowns.

It is moderately hardy, and suitable for bush-houses or a shady, moist rockery.

When potting-up such ferns it pays to get some of the soil in which they grew originally, or to make a compost of fine, black, rather acid soil, plenty of leafmould, and a little sand to assure good drainage.

Other ferns of beautiful appearance and graceful habit worth growing in the conservatory, bush-house, or shady porch are any of the native davallias, aspleniums, doodias, gleinchenias, and polypodiums.

The lady fern, Polystichum aculeatum, is a handsome species with strong, creeping stems.

The fronds are shaggy when immature.

This fern does best in big, shady areas, or in deep tubs and pots.

Continuing . . .

Gardener's ABC

PARASITE: A plant that draws all or part of its food from other living plants or insects.

PEDICE: Stem of a flower in a cluster.

PERENNIALS: Plants that last more than two years; they mostly die down annually but spring up again the following season.

PINCHING BACK: The shortening of young shoots to achieve bushy plant form, to encourage the development of a greater quantity of buds, or to enhance flower or fruit production.

PINNATE: Compound leaf, with leaflets on the side of a main axis; feather form.

PISTIL: The central organ or reproductive part of a pistillate flower.

PISTILLATE: Often referred to as female flowers, because they contain cells that, when fertilised with pollen, become seeds.

PLUMULE: The first bud or sign of growth from a seed.

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Continuing . . . .

Wildfire at Midnight

from page 58

you? . . . you've located him, haven't you? . . . haven't you?

My own "No!" woke me finally, with such a jerk that I wondered if I had spoken aloud, and strained my ears for the vibration of my own voice among the shadows. Or was it Hecky who had spoken? Or Roberta? I pushed myself up on to my elbow and looked across at her. She was moving, making fretful little noises of pain, but it was not this that made my heart jump and my body stiffen in its little nest under the eiderdown. Hecky wasn't there.

Even as I reacted to this in a manner that betrayed the lamentable state of my nerves, I turned my head and saw him, like the spectre of my dream, in front of the fire. But this fire threw no terrifying shadow back into the room, and for the worst of reasons. It was almost out.

A glance at my clock told me that it was a quarter-past four. I had not been asleep long, and Hecky had presumably not been to sleep at all, but in spite of us the peat fire, inexpertly stacked, had dwindled and died into an inert-looking mass of black sods.

Now a peat fire is a tricky thing for an amateur to manage. Once it is going well, it is wonderfully hot, a red glowing mass like the heart of a blast-furnace. Mrs. Persimmon had banked this one expertly, and Neill, too, had known what to do with it, but Hecky was a townsman and a Lowlander, while I was the most helpless of amateurs. Between us we must have handled it very clumsily, for it had burned itself almost out, and as Hecky stirred it the peat crumbled, and fell away into fragments that rapidly began to blacken.

I swung myself off the bed, thrust my feet into my slippers, and went softly across to the fireplace.

"Won't it go at all, Sergeant?"

"It will not."

"Isn't there any more peat?"

"Och, yes, there's plenty. It's the putting it on that's tricky. Have you the way of it at all, miss?"

"Far from it, but we've got to try." There was a small pile of fresh peats on the hearth. I knelt down beside Hecky and together we stacked them over the embers and tried to blow them to a flame. But to no avail: the red ash waned and darkened, and the peats steamed sullenly, black and unresponsive. The room felt cold.

"It's no good," I said. "It's going out."

We looked at each other in some dismay, then I stood up, biting my lip. I had to put fresh bottles in Roberta's bed. I had to be ready to make her another drink. I had to get the room warm against the chill hours of daybreak.

"I'm sorry," said Hecky.

"It's my fault as much as yours. In fact, neither of us is to blame if we can't manage the dashed thing. What we should have done is to ask Mrs. Persimmon for some wood to help us keep it going. I'm afraid it didn't occur to me."

He stood up, dusting his hands lightly together. "Will I go and get some wood, then?"

"There should be some somewhere," I said. "The lounge fire was made up with logs, I remember. Perhaps—"

"I ken fine where it is. We've been all over this place at one time and another, you'll mind. It's oot the back."

I said, doubtfully: "Should you go, d'you think?"

"You've got to get this fire going, have ye no'?"

"Yes. Yes, I have."

"Well, then, I reckon I'd better go. And if you don't open the door till I get back, there'll be *no harm* done."

"I—I suppose not. How am I going to be sure it's you when you come back?"

"I'll knock—this way." He moved nearer. His hand went out to the mantelpiece beside me. A finger fluttered. I heard a tiny tapping, the sort that might be made by a grasshopper's feet landing a little raggedly on a leaf: tap—taptap—taptaptap—tap . . . Nobody else but I, with my ear some nine inches away, could possibly have heard it.

"Right," I said. "Don't be long, for goodness' sake. And—oh, Sergeant—"

"Yes, miss?"

"If there's a kettle hot on the stove you might bring it up. It'll save time."

"O.K., miss."

"You — you'll be all right?"

He grinned down at me. "Don't worry about me, now. I'd give a year's pay to meet that chap, whoever he is, down by the woodshed! I'll no' be more than five minutes, miss, and if I see Inspector Mackenzie prowling around, I'll send him along."

He let himself out, and I locked and bolted the door again behind him. I heard him go softly down the passage. Silence.

My heart was beating uncomfortably hard, and once again I had to take myself sharply to task. I turned resolutely from the door, and went over to have a look at Roberta. She seemed to have relaxed a little, and her breathing was less shallow, but her eyelids twitched from time to time, as if the light troubled her. I took my green silk scarf out of a drawer and dropped it over her bedside light, then went back to nurse my little core of red fire till Hecky should come back.

HECKY was surprisingly quick. I had ripped some pages from "The Autocar" and, with these, and some small crumblings of peat, was getting a nice little lick of flame when I heard the soft tap at the door.

I was half-way across the room before I realised that the sound had not been the grasshopper-tapping that Hecky and I had arranged.

It came again, a tiny sound: "Tap-tap-tap."

I was standing three feet from the door, with my hands, in rigid fists, pressed down against the front of my thighs. My heart began to jerk in slow, sickening thuds. I stood, turned to marble, with my eyes on the door, while the seconds ticked madly by on the little bedside clock.

Ever so gently, the door-handle turned. Ever so softly, the door rattled as somebody pressed against it.

If I screamed, I thought, people would wake up, and they would catch him there . . . the murderer, trying to get at Roberta.

But if I screamed, it might penetrate that still slumber of Roberta's, and I had no idea of the possible effect of such a shock. It was not a risk I felt I had any right to take.

Then I was at the door.

"Hullo?" I was surprised that my voice sounded so normal. "Is that you, Sergeant?"

Of course it wasn't; but if he said it was . . .

"No." The vigorous whisper was certainly not Hecky's. "It's Inspector Mackenzie. I came to take a look at her. Open up, will you, lassie?"

Even as I accepted the state-

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Continuing . . . . Wildfire at Midnight

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ment with a quick uprush of relief, I surprised myself again. I heard my voice saying calmly: "Just a minute, Inspector. I'll get a dressing-gown on."

In three strides I was at the telephone, and had lifted the receiver. My little clock chittered the seconds crazily away beside me . . . two, four, seven seconds, seven dragging light-years before I heard the click of the other receiver being lifted, and Inspector Mackenzie's voice, soft but alert, saying sharply: "Mackenzie here. What is it?"

I cupped a hand round the mouthpiece and whispered into it: "Come quickly! Quickly! He's at the door!"

The line went dead. My knees gave way under me, and I sat down slowly on my bed, with the receiver still clutched in my hand. My head turned, stiff as a doll's head, to watch the door.

There w so sound, no rattle, no movement of the handle. The door stood blind, bland in its smooth white paint, telling nothing.

There was a swift, stealthy rush of feet up the corridor. A voice.

"Inspector? Is anything the matter?"

"Where the devil have you been, Hector Munro?"

"To get wood. I'm sorry, sir. Is something wrong?"

Doors opened. I heard Hartley Corrigan's voice, raw-edged with nerves. "What the devil's going on here?" Then his wife's scared whisper: "Has something—happened?"

"Nothing, madam. Please go back to bed." The Inspector's voice sank to a reassuring mumble, and, since I could now hear three or four voices murmuring in the corridor, I opened my door.

The Corrigans were just withdrawing into their room, which was opposite my own. The only other people who seemed to have been disturbed were Colonel Cowdray-Simpson and Hubert Hay, whose rooms were just round the corner from our passage, in the main corridor. As I opened the door, Hecky, standing rather shamefacedly before the Inspector with a bundle of wood under one arm and a still steaming kettle in the other, turned and saw me, and came hurrying down the passage in some relief.

Inspector Mackenzie whipped round after him. His voice was still low, but clear and urgent.

"Munro, don't touch that door! Miss Brooke, stand away from the door, please."

"Look here, Inspector"—this was Colonel Cowdray-Simpson, still surprisingly authoritative in a deplorable old dressing-gown, and without his teeth—"what's wrong?"

"Please accept my assurance that there's nothing wrong, sir. You can reassure Mrs. Cowdray-Simpson. And you, Mr. Hay: I promise you that if I want help I'll ask for it, but just at the moment—"

"O.K. I'm off." And Hubert Hay, resplendent in Paisley silk, disappeared reluctantly.

> **By working faithfully eight hours a day, you may eventually get to be a boss and work twelve hours a day.**
>
> *—Robert Frost*

The Inspector came swiftly down to where I was still standing. "Now, what's all this?"

It was so much the conventional policeman's opening that I felt an absurd desire to laugh. I said shakily: "He—he was at the door. The murderer. He said—he said——"

He took my arm and drew me gently into the room towards my bed.

"You sit down there. Don't try to talk." He shot a rapid glance at Roberta and was apparently satisfied. "Hecky, get that fire going . . . No, on second thoughts, let me do it; you go to my room and get my bag and give that door a going-over." He looked at me. "You said he was at the door. I suppose he touched it?"

"Yes. He pushed it, and turned the knob."

He gave a small grunt of satisfaction. "The knob, Hecky. No, man, leave it standing open; then no ghosts can wipe it clean before you come back. Aah!"

This was an exclamation of satisfaction as the dry sticks caught alight, and the flames roared up the chimney in a crackling blaze.

"I suppose there wasn't a sign of anybody when you came?" I said.

"No." He was expertly stacking peat.

"He must have heard me telephoning you. I'm sorry."

"On the contrary, you did very well."

"Well, I'm sorry I made Hecky go downstairs, then. It was my fault for letting the fire down, but I had to get it going again."

He pushed the kettle down among the now-blazing peats and stood up: "It might have been a lucky stroke," he said, "if we had seen the murderer. Now, supposing you tell me what happened."

I told him about it, while Hecky busied himself over the surface of the door, and Roberta lay quietly in her blankets in the little green glow of the bedside lamp.

He listened in silence, his eyes on my face. "Hum," he said at length. "He must either have heard Hecky go or have seen him go out across the yard. It doesn't get us much forrarder, except for one thing."

"What's that?"

"It proves that Miss Symes can convict him. He was our third climber, all right; he cut that rope."

I said flatly: "Inspector, do you know who this murderer is?"

"Have you finished, Hecky?"

"Aye, sir. Juist aboot it."

"Inspector, please——"

"Any luck, Hecky?"

Hecky straightened up. His face was rueful. "No, sir. It's been wiped."

"What?" The Inspector was across the room in three strides and was examining the door. His mouth was thin and hard. He swore explosively, then added: "All right, Hecky. Shut the door and get back to your chair." He came back into the room looking angry. "Bang goes my proof," he said bitterly.

"Proof?" I said. "Then you do know who it is?"

"Know? Hardly that, perhaps. Call it a pretty sure guess . . . But a guess is no good to a policeman, and we've no proof at all—not a shred; and if yon lassie on the bed doesn't open her mouth soon, I'm afraid of what may happen. Look at tonight, for instance; look at the kind of chance he takes—and might very well get away with, because nobody in their right senses would expect him to take a risk like that."

"He'll tempt his luck once too often," I said.

"Luck!" His voice seemed to explode on the word. "He murders Heather Macrae with a twenty-foot blaze of fire on the open side of Blaven. He kills Miss Bradford in full sight of Camasunary glen in the middle of the afternoon. He cuts Beagle's throat within yards—yards of witnesses. And now this!" He looked at me and added quietly: "I've been on this corridor all night. I only went downstairs to the office twenty minutes ago. And then—only then—your fire goes out, and he sees Hecky Munro going off and leaving you alone."

"I—I'm sorry," I said feebly.

He smiled at that. "Don't say that, lassie. I told you it wasn't your fault. You've been quite a useful recruit to the Force, indeed you have . . . That kettle's boiling. Shall I do those for you?"

"I can manage, thanks." I began to fill Roberta's bottles.

He was standing by the bed, staring down at her face as if he would draw her secret from behind the pale barrier of her brow. His own forehead was creased, his hair tousled, his

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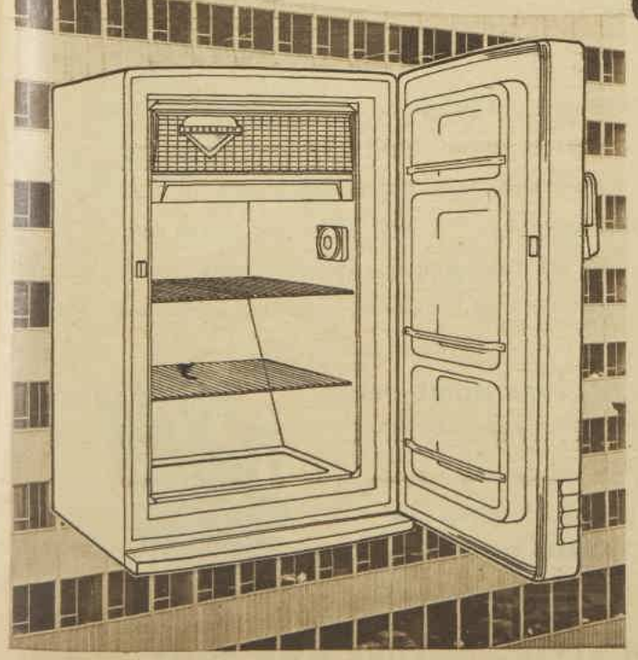

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MAY-57

chin grey with unshaven stubble. His fists were thrust deep into his pockets and his shoulders were rounded. He looked like any worried middle-aged man wakened out of sleep by the baby's wailing. Then he turned his head, and the quiet, intelligent eyes gave the picture the lie. "Do you mind finishing your watch now?"

"No."

"Don't send Hecky away any more."

"I certainly won't!"

"I shan't be on the end of the telephone. I have—a few things to do. But don't worry. And who knows, it may all be over sooner than you think. We'll get him. Oh, yes, we'll get him . . ." And his eyes were no longer kind, but cold and frightening.

When, once again, I had locked and bolted the door behind him, I busied myself over Roberta. It was a full twenty minutes before I had finished my tasks, and when I had done all desire for sleep had gone.

I drew a curtain aside and looked out of the window. It was still misty. I could see the faint grey of the first morning light filtering hazily through the veil like light through a pearl. It looked dank and chilly, and I was glad to be able to turn back to the firelit room.

Hecky had made more tea, and I took a cup back to bed with me, wishing yet again that I had something reasonable to read. At this hour of the morning, my heart failed me at the thought of "The Bride of Lammermoor," and I had torn up most of the "Autocars" to light the fire. There remained "The Golden Bough"—an odd thing, surely, to find in a remote hotel in Scotland? It was a pleasant title, I thought, but I had a vague feeling that it was as heavy going, in its own way, as "The Bride of Lammermoor." Something to do with primitive religions . . . hardly a bedside book, and hardly, I thought, picking it up incuriously, the sort of book with which to while away even the wettest day in Skye. Except, of course, Sunday, when there was no fishing.

Continuing . . . . Wildfire at Midnight

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But someone had been reading it. There was a bookmark, an old envelope, thrust between the pages, and, of its own accord, the heavy book fell open at the place thus marked. It opened in the ready and accustomed manner of a book much handled at that particular page.

I looked at it, mildly curious.

"The Beltane Fires," I read. "In the Central Highlands of Scotland, bonfires, known as the Beltane fires, were formerly kindled with great ceremony on the first of May, and traces of human sacrifices at them were particularly clear and unequivocal . . ."

I sat up, staring unbelievingly at the page, my brain whirling. It was as if the words had exploded into the silence of the room, and I glanced across at Hecky Munro's broad back, hardly able to believe that he could be unconscious of their impact.

My eye skipped down the cold, precise print; from it, as if they had been scrawled in luminous paint, words and phrases leapt out at me . . . "Their sacrifices were therefore offered in the open air, frequently upon the tops of hills . . . a pile of wood or other fuel . . . in the islands of Skye, Mull, and Tiree . . . they applied a species of agaric which grows on old birch-trees and is very combustible . . ."

There flashed between me and the printed page a vivid memory: the birch-grove, silver-gilt and summer-lace, with broken pieces of fungus still littering the wet ground between the smooth-skinned trees. And the brown fans of agaric pushing, palms-up, from some of the sleek boles. "Very combustible . . ."

I read on, the cool, detached prose bringing to my racing mind picture after picture: in the Hebrides, in Wales, in Ireland—in the queer Celtic corners of the land those fires were lit, and rites were performed that echoed grotesquely, though innocently, the grim and grisly rites of an older day. May Day fires, Midsummer fires, Hallowe'en fires—for countless years these had purified the ground, protected the cattle from plague, burned the witches . . .

"Burned the witches." Another memory swam up, sickeningly; a young girl lying in the embers with her throat cut: Hubert Hay's voice talking of magic and folk-lore and writers who questioned Heather Macrae about old superstitions.

I found that my hands were wet with perspiration, and the print was see-sawing in front of my eyes. It was absurd. Absurd. No modern young woman of eighteen, even if she did live in a lonely corner of the earth, was going to be sacrificed as a witch. That part of it was nonsense, anyway. But why had she been killed, then, and in that unmistakably ritual manner? Hardly in order to protect the crops. Even Jamesy Farlane, born and bred in the mountains, could no longer believe

I JERKED myself out of my thoughts and read on. I read how, when the sacrificial fire was built, it was lighted not from "tame" fire but from new fire, "needfire," the living wildfire struck afresh from dry oak, and fed with wild agaric. I read how those who struck the living fire "would turn their pockets inside out and see that every piece of money and all metals were off their persons." I read how, in some localities, the one who made the wildfire must be young and chaste . . .

The print swam away from me finally then in a wild and drowning dance of words. I put my hands to my face and thought, in a slow, painful enlightenment, of Heather Macrae, who was young and chaste, and who divested herself of her pathetic little gewgaws to make the needfire for her murderer. She must have thought the whole affair crazy, I mused bitterly, but she thought it was fun, it was "different," it was the sort of romantic craziness that a clever bookish gentleman from London might indulge in.

My thoughts skidded away from that same clever gentleman from London, as I tried vainly to fit other killings into the same framework of primitive ritual. Where, in the plans of this primeval throwback of a murderer, did Beagle's murder fit? Or Marion Bradford's cut rope? Or the students from Oxford and Cambridge? Or Marcia Maling's doll?

It became more than ever certain, on the evidence of this book, that the only kind of logic that could knit together crimes so various must be the cracked logic of madness. And that the book was evidence there was no doubt. There were too many parallels between its calm statements and the crazy ritual murder on Blaven hill. Nor could it be mere coincidence that the book itself was here, in this hotel.

There was the probability that it was the murderer's own: a man whose studies had made him sufficiently familiar with such rites and customs—a man of unstable mind—might, when that mind finally overturned, wallow in just such a botched travesty of ritual as Heather's murder now showed itself to be. Or it was possible——

I was, I found, still clutching in my damp fist the crumpled envelope that had marked the page. My hand shook a little as I smoothed it out.

I sat looking at it for a very long time.

The envelope was in my father's handwriting. It had no stamp, but it bore, in his clear, beautiful hand, a name and address:

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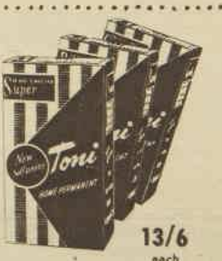

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WHEN cleaning a room during the summer, vacuum the screen and window-sills while the windows are open. This cuts down the dust and dirt and helps keep the curtains clean.

★ ★ ★

PUT all the untidy odds and ends that accumulate on tables, desks, and throughout the house into a large attractive box and keep it in a convenient cupboard. Soon the whole family will know where to look for the odds and ends they've left scattered around.

★ ★ ★

CLEAN a black skirt by rubbing over with a lump of salt warmed in the oven. Then brush and shake well; dip brush in blue water for final brush to freshen up black.

TO keep your corsage fresh: Lightly spray the flower petals, place in a sheet of cellulose, fold over edges, and seal with cellulose tape, paper-clips, or pins; place in a refrigerator bag and fold over to seal. Unless the flowers are badly bruised they will keep for several days — even a week.

★ ★ ★

USE the crevice attachment of your vacuum-cleaner to clean the linings of suit and coat pockets.

★ ★ ★

A SMALL magnet tied to a piece of string will help recover pins, paper-clips, and needles after a sewing session. Just drag the magnet across the floor until all have been retrieved.

★ ★ ★

RUBBER gloves which have been used for messy or greasy jobs should be washed in warm soapy water while still on the hands. Rinse them in clear cold water and dry them thoroughly before storing. Dust occasionally with talcum powder.

★ ★ ★

TO keep matching buttons together and save time searching through your button-box, press each button on to a strip of cellulose tape, then cover with another strip. Allow enough room between buttons to cut off each one as you use it.

★ ★ ★

WHEN pressing the seams of a frock that is cut on the cross, instead of running the iron down the seam as with other frocks iron across the seam from left to right to prevent stretching.

Timbrock HARDBOARD builds this—

a sewing centre any wife would love

This unit gives space for patterns, fabrics, cottons, and all other odds and ends you need for sewing — plus a worktable for cutting out and supporting the machine.

Yet when closed it takes only three feet of floor space and makes a handsome piece of furniture.

Timbrock was chosen to make it because its smooth pressurised finish makes an ideal snag-free working surface, and because it can be used to make the multitude of small slides and racks that are needed to store the small objects used for sewing.

In addition, look at all the other advantages you get with Timbrock.

- Timbrock is so much easier to work. Your saw zips through the grainless texture —leaves a clean edge. Nails can't make it split or splinter.
- Timbrock is flexible—can be bent around curves to achieve particular effects. Also, even the big sheets won't crack in handling.
- Fine, glass-smooth paint surface. Any type of paint goes on over Timbrock. No tiresome initial sanding before you can even start to paint. And Timbrock needs less paint to do a good covering job.
- White ant proofed! Timbrock was buried for a year in white ant riddled ground. Result when it was unearthed: Timbrock was not touched.
- Big sheets for big jobs—5, 6, 7, 8 and 14 feet long, 4' 6" wide to fit standard 18" studding. Timbrock Shorts when you only want a little Timbrock for a small job.

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DELICIOUS WITH MILK OR FRUIT, TOO! GET A PACKET AT YOUR GROCER'S TODAY!

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Lunch in the shade

● ***A cool, shady corner of the garden is an ideal setting for luncheon or dinner. The informal, relaxing atmosphere of the outdoor meal is a welcome break from everyday routine.***

***COLORFUL** garden surroundings, comfortable easy furniture, and attractive glassware and china add charm to this outdoor setting. Menu includes grapefruit appetiser with coconut, fish salad with cheese rolls, chilled melon balls, and iced coffee with cream.*

CHOOSE foods that can be prepared easily in advance so you are free to arrange the table and serve on the spot, instead of having to make frequent trips to and from the kitchen.

Here are two menus from which to choose. You may like to change them around and use part of one and part of another to suit the occasion and individual taste.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

MENU 1

Grapefruit Appetiser with Coconut
Fish Salad with Cheese Rolls
Chilled Melon Balls
Iced Coffee with Cream

GRAPEFRUIT APPETISER

Four grapefruit (small), toasted shredded coconut, sherry, lettuce, mint sprigs.

Scrub and dry grapefruit. Cut a slice from the top of each, scoop out all pulp, cutting with a grapefruit knife if available. Remove seeds and white pith from grapefruit pulp, cut pulp into chunky pieces, pile back into grapefruit shells, which have been lined with lettuce. Sprinkle with sherry. Decorate with coconut, leaving an uncut portion of peel ½in. long on each side of the grapefruit-case. Cut around top of each grapefruit, making a cut strip ¼in. wide. Lift the two pieces up and fasten them with a cocktail stick. Serve well chilled. Garnish with mint.

FISH SALAD

One pound smoked cod or haddock, an equal amount of shredded cabbage and shredded lettuce, 2 sticks chopped celery, 1½ cups cooked rice, 5 finely chopped shallots (including some of the green stalks), ½ green cucumber, ½ cup mayonnaise, ¾ cup cooked peas, 3 hard-boiled eggs, salt, pepper, lettuce leaves, tomato slices.

Cook fish in usual way, drain, remove skin and bones. Break into flakes. Mix with cabbage, lettuce, rice, shallots, celery, finely diced cucumber, mayonnaise, peas, chopped hard-boiled eggs, salt, and pepper. Toss lightly to mix. Serve in salad-bowl lined with lettuce leaves. Garnish edge of dish with tomato slices.

CHEESE ROLLS

One and a half ounces butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg-yolk, ½ cup milk, 3oz. grated cheese, ½lb. self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt.

Cream the butter or substitute with the sugar. Add egg-yolk mixed with milk, alternately with the sifted flour and salt, and the grated cheese. Mix to a soft dough. Turn on to lightly floured board, roll to ½in. thickness. With a floured cutter, cut dough into rounds 2½in. in diameter. Brush half of each round lightly with milk, fold it over, and press lightly together. Brush tops with milk and sprinkle with a little extra grated cheese. Bake in a hot oven 8 to 10 minutes, split, and butter when cold.

CHILLED MELON BALLS

One watermelon, 1 or 2 rockmelons, white grapes (when in season).

Cut melon in halves, shape as illustrated above. Fill, piling high with melon balls, washed grapes (if available).

ICED COFFEE

Four tablespoons coffee grounds, pinch salt, ½ cup brown sugar, 1½ cups water, 2 cups milk, ½ cup evaporated milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla, whipped cream.

Bring coffee, salt, and water to boiling point, allow to stand until half-cold. Strain, return to saucepan with sugar, stir over low heat until sugar has dissolved. Simmer for 5 minutes. Mix the milk and evaporated milk, add the coffee syrup, and vanilla. Chill thoroughly and serve in tall glasses topped with a spoonful of whipped cream.

MENU 2

Pineapple Juice Cocktail
Salmon Salad in Tomato Cases
Apple Snow
Iced Coffee

PINEAPPLE JUICE COCKTAIL

Boil skin and core of 1 pineapple for 10 minutes, with water barely to cover, and ½ cup sugar. Strain, measure, add 1-3rd as much tinned pineapple juice or ¼ as much fresh pineapple juice. For each cup of prepared pineapple liquid add ½ teaspoon chopped mint and 1 dessertspoon lemon juice. Chill. Place some chopped pineapple in each serving-glass, add a little crushed ice, and pour chilled pineapple juice over. Decorate with mint sprigs.

SALMON SALAD IN TOMATO CUPS

One tin salmon or fish cutlets, 1 cup diced celery, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, ½ cup mayonnaise, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 6 or 7 large, firm tomatoes, lettuce, salt and pepper, cucumber, celery curls to garnish.

Drain and flake salmon or other tinned fish. Mix with celery, green pepper, onion or shallot, mayonnaise, lemon juice, sauce, and parsley. Chill for 30 minutes. Wash and dry tomatoes, cut a wedge-shaped piece from top of each to remove stem end. Cut each tomato into six sections, cutting nearly but not quite through tomato. Place tomatoes on lettuce leaves on serving-dish, gently spread sections apart. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Fill with prepared fish mixture. Garnish with sliced cucumber and celery curls.

APPLE SNOW

Four green apples, 4 tablespoons sugar, ½ cup water, 1 egg-white (use yolk in custard), juice ½ small lemon, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 2 extra tablespoons sugar, 1oz. chopped cherries (may be omitted), lemon jelly, custard.

Peel, core, and slice apples, cook to a pulp with the sugar and all but 1 tablespoon of the water. Beat smooth, set aside one-third. Dissolve gelatine in the remaining 1 tablespoon of water, stir into balance of apple pulp. Color pale green, add half the lemon juice. Fill into recess tin to set. Add remaining lemon juice to reserved apple pulp, fold in egg-white beaten to meringue consistency with extra sugar. Turn apple mould out on to serving-dish, fill centre with apple-meringue mixture. Sprinkle with cherries (if used). Serve with lemon jelly and custard.

By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert

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2/9 BOTTLE

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

AT ALL CHEMISTS

ARCHITECT'S DIARY

Improvements to two homes

By Sydney architect W. J. McMURRAY

TWO readers have asked my advice about home alterations this week. One wants a more convenient layout for an old-style farmhouse and the other to enlarge a kitchen and add a third bedroom.

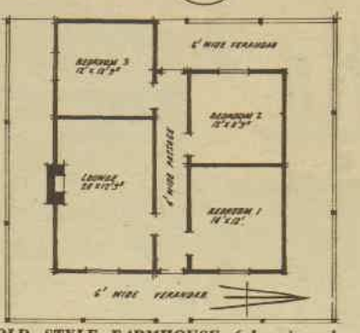
A plan of the old-style farmhouse has been sent to me by Mrs. E. Anderson, of Rosedale, Gippsland, Victoria. It consists of four rooms, with a separate building containing laundry, kitchen, and bathroom.

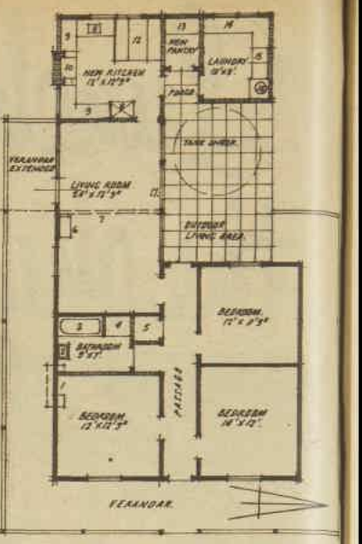
Mrs. Anderson has asked my advice about adding these three outside rooms to the main building to make a more convenient layout.

A 5000-gallon underground water tank restricts the possibility of extending the home towards the rear.

My suggested layout (shown above, right) has a V-shaped development round the tank, with a paved area forming outdoor living space. The paving could be of precast concrete slabs, so it would not be difficult to take them up to reach the tank if this were necessary for maintenance.

Part of the existing living-room can be used as an internal bathroom that is convenient to the bedrooms. The new living-room would be created by demolishing the western wall of bedroom No. 3 and extending the new room to a size of 24ft. by 12ft. 9in. Extra support would have to be given to the existing roof.





OLD STYLE FARMHOUSE (above) and plan for alterations (above, right). These consist of: 1, demolish fireplace; 2, basin; 3, bath; 4, shower; 5, linen store; 6, slow combustion heater; 7, demolish wall; 8, refrigerator; 9, bench and cupboards; 10, new fuel stove; 11, new sink; 12, dinette; 13, shelving; 14, ironing bench; 15, laundry tubs; 16, fuel copper; 17, glass sliding panels.

Bigger kitchen

MRS. R. CAMPBELL, of Toongabbie, N.S.W., wants a larger kitchen with a built-in dinette. She would also like part of the existing glassed-in verandah at her home altered to provide an extra bedroom.

The floor plan of the existing home (see sketch below) is such that only a simple alteration is needed.

By removing the existing rear wall of the kitchen and substituting a beam to support the roof, the kitchen could be extended over part of the existing verandah.

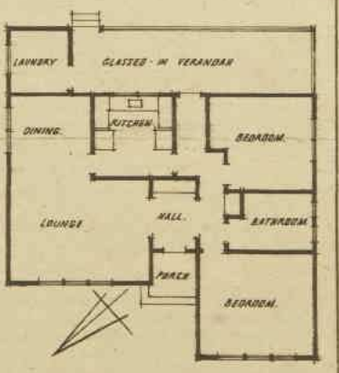
In addition to having more cupboard space and a built-in dinette, the new kitchen would have natural light and ventilation and therefore would be much better to work in.

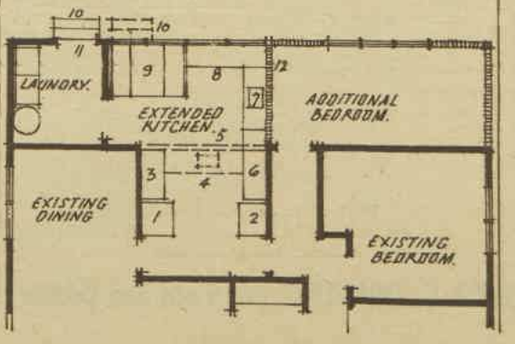
Service access would be through the laundry. This arrangement saves the space that would be wasted by an external door from the kitchen.

The extra bedroom has been conveniently located near the other bedrooms and the bathroom.

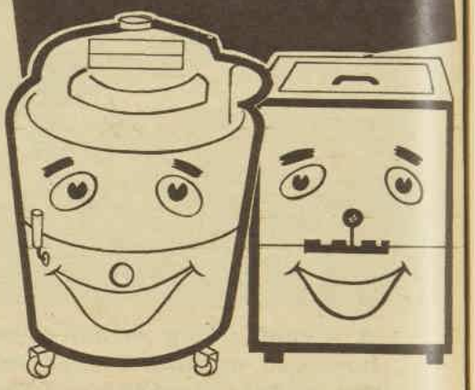
RIGHT: Layout of the existing home of Mrs. R. Campbell.

BELOW: Plan showing alterations made to provide larger kitchen and extra bedroom: 1, existing refrigerator; 2, existing stove; 3, existing bench; 4, remove sink; 5, demolish wall; 6, existing bench; 7, new position for sink; 8, new bench; 9, new dinette; 10, relocate steps; 11, new back door; 12, new partition.





Washing clothes clean is our business . .



. . . but it takes

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"It's so easy to be misled, but take it from me, you never will see a sheet or a shirt fit to be called white from washing alone. You must give whites that last rinse in Reckitt's Blue for a white you'll be proud of.

"To keep whites truly white—WASH to get the dirt out. RINSE to get rid of loose dirt and suds, then into RECKITT'S BLUE for true white,"

says Mary Rawlins.

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You'll never be disappointed with Robin, the easy-to-mix powder starch which does not stick to the iron. Therefore, ironing is easier and everything has just the right gloss and crispness.

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Once your family tastes delicious Bakeo Apple Pie they'll want it again and again. The secret of success is in the rich, tender, golden crust pastry — so quickly and so easily made and so perfect every time with Bakeo. And besides pastry you can make all kinds of other tasty things with versatile Bakeo — recipes on every packet.

Nothing could be easier than BAKEO . . .

1. Tip Bakeo into your mixing bowl 2. Add milk or water as required 3. and roll out. That's all you do

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SHE HAD BAD SKIN

Now dances cheek-to-cheek

SEVEN days ago this girl wouldn't go dancing. Her face was covered in spots. Then a friend told her about Valderma Balm.

Her skin quickly became clear and healthy. Now she's gay and popular, confident always. Are you?

Most skin troubles are caused by germs, which breed under the skin. That's why Valderma Balm is so effective. Its two powerful antiseptics sink deep down into your skin, giving quick relief.

Valderma Balm's healing oils allow septic matter to escape. Infected cuts, spots, pimples and eczema are quickly relieved.

Valderma Balm is sold at all chemists and stores, tubes 2/6, jars 3/6.

For clear, healthy skin use Valderma BALM

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Staisweet

Stay as sweet as you are with

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The Deodorant you can trust

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HONEY CREAMS and banana-walnut tea-cake make delicious additions to the afternoon-tea table. See prize-winning recipes on this page.

Birthmarks differ in type

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse.

BIRTHMARKS are of several types. Some are small and faint, others are known as "port wine" or "strawberry" marks because of their color, and another type is raised above the skin.

Birthmarks that are small and faint usually fade during a child's first years. Their cause is not fully known, although they tend to run in families.

"Port wine" and "strawberry" marks are often found on the face and neck. Because they are disfiguring, early expert advice should be obtained.

A birthmark that is raised above the skin is a tumor of tiny bloodvessels and does not fade or disappear spontaneously, but tends to enlarge as the child's skin surface grows.

It is likely to be rubbed or irritated, so its early removal is usually advised. It may be removed by carbon dioxide snow or diathermy without leaving a trace. Some, however, have to be removed by excision and grafting. Radium or X-rays may have to be used for others.

There is no foundation for the superstition that a fright during pregnancy will result in the baby being born with a birthmark.

It is most *important* to get the best medical advice about any type of birthmark and to consult a good skin specialist. No other advice should ever be taken.

Recipes win prizes

THE main prizewinning recipe this week is a rich, short biscuit mixture, which is piped into star shapes, cooked, allowed to cool, then joined in pairs.

The consolation prize-winning recipe, banana-walnut tea-cake, has a delicious flavor and is ideal for the lunch-box.

All spoon measurements are level.

HONEY CREAMS

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 dessertspoon honey, 1 egg, 2¼ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, grated rind and juice of ½ lemon, cherry pieces.

Cream butter, sugar, lemon rind and juice together until light and fluffy. Add beaten egg, then honey, and lastly work in sifted flour and salt. Fill into pastry bag with a large star tube, pipe biscuit mixture on to a greased oven tray, forming small stars. Press half a glace cherry into tops of half the stars, bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Allow to cool, then join in pairs with the following honey cream.

Cream Filling: Cream 1oz. butter with 3oz. sifted icing sugar. Add 1 dessertspoon honey and 1 dessertspoon milk, mix well until blended.

First Prize of £5 to Miss B. Connolly, C.W.A. Holiday Home, Merewether, Newcastle, N.S.W.

BANANA-WALNUT TEA-CAKE

Two ounces butter, ¾ cup sugar, ½ cup mashed bananas, ¼ cup milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1¼ cups flour, pinch salt, ½ cup chopped walnuts, cherries.

Cream butter with sugar until light and fluffy. Add beaten egg, bananas, and walnuts, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with soda dissolved in milk. Fill mixture into a greased 8in. sandwich tin and press a few cherry pieces on top. Bake in a moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Serve sliced and buttered.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Stirling, Kent St, Beenleigh, Qld.

FAMILY DISH

WHILE cabbages are plentiful, prepare this economical but satisfying dish of stuffed cabbage. It costs approximately six shillings and serves four.

STUFFED CABBAGE

One small cabbage, 1½lb. sausage meat, 1 onion, 1 large tomato, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ¾ cup soft breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste, pinch paprika, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, little grated cheese.

Soak cabbage ½ hour in salted water. Drain thoroughly. Cut a large piece from top into centre of cabbage, place cabbage in top of steamer or in small quantity of water with lid on and steam gently 10 to 12 minutes or until tender. Cook sausage-meat with chopped onion and tomato, parsley, breadcrumbs, seasonings, and sauces until meat changes color and tomato is tender. Fill into cavity in cabbage on serving plate and top with sprinkling of cheese. Serve immediately.

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YOU SAVE DAMPING DOWN when you steam-iron with Hoover. As you iron, steam is gently fed into the fabric, damping it far more evenly and thoroughly than you ever could by hand. You steam the wrinkles out of the clothes.

YOU CAN SIT DOWN TO IRON and get perfect results. With steam-ironing, it's heat and moisture that do the job, not a heavy iron or hard pressure from you. The Hoover simply glides over the fabric.

NO TIME WASTED! You simply leave the dial control set on "steam" and go from nylon to a suit without worry. When it's a Dry Iron, the "Dial the Fabric" control gives the right heat for any fabric.

The Jewel of an Iron that you'll find already in one Australian home in every ten

Here you are . . . a light, beautiful marvel of an iron that buries forever that old catch cry: "I don't mind washing, but oh! how I hate Ironing!" Take the Hoover Steam and Dry Iron in your hand. How gloriously light! Press the switch, and go!

No need for hard pressure when steam does the job! You can throw away your pressing-cloths — save that tiresome damping down. In fact, you can iron almost everything in the ironing basket with steam.

Almost 200,000 Australian women who own a Hoover Steam and Dry Iron say they'd never again be happy ironing any other way. Ask any one of them!

PRICE: 9½ GUINEAS — or easy terms

WHEN YOU BUY **HOOVER** YOU BUY THE BEST!

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Fashion PATTERNS

F4456. — Late-day Empire-line dress designed with its own fitted below-bosom-line jacket. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 8½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F4425.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make romper suit. The design is obtainable with long or short sleeves. Sizes 6 months, 1 year, and 18 months. Requires: Design with long sleeves, 1½yds. 36in. material; design with short sleeves, 1¼yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F4347. — Chic front-buttoned sheath dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.

F4389.—Slender slacks and smartly styled casual jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Slacks, 1¾yds. 54in. material; jacket, 2¼yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

F4457.—Autumn elegance in a slender, Empire-inspired black wool dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2¾yds. 54in. material or 3¾yds. 36in. material. Price 3/11.

F4458.—Tailored uniform. The design is obtainable with long or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 44in. bust. Requires: Design with long sleeves, 3½yds. 54in. material. Design with short sleeves, 5yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

● *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.*

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

● ***Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks after date of publication.***

No. 425.—SMALL GIRL'S PINAFORE

The pinafore is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider on cotton headcloth. The color choice includes white, maize, blue, lemon, pink, and green.
Sizes: Length 18in. for 2 years 10/9; 20in. for 3 to 4 years 11/9; 23in. for 5 to 6 years 12/6; 27in. for 7 to 8 years 13/9. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 426.—DUCHESSE SET

The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green.
Sizes: Centre mat 11 x 17in., small mats 8 x 8in. Price 8/11. Postage and registration 1/9.

No. 427.—HANDKERCHIEF SACHET

The sachet is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes cream and white Irish linen; sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green; and Swiss organdie in blue, lemon, pink, green, and white. Price 5/3. Postage and registration 1/- extra.

No. 428.—COAT-DRESS

The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make with short or threequarter-length sleeves. The material is check cotton gingham in red and white, blue and white, pink and white, and green and white.
Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 37/6; 36 and 38in. bust 42/6; 40 and 42in. bust 47/6. Postage and registration 4/- extra.

Headaches go

You will find "Disprin" a much improved form of aspirin:

DISPRIN DISSOLVES. Disprin tablets dissolve quickly in water. This soluble form of aspirin naturally passes more rapidly into the bloodstream to relieve pain.

FAR LESS ACID. Disprin, being soluble and far less acid than ordinary aspirin and a.p.c., is far less likely to cause stomach upset.

EASY TO TAKE. Disprin is palatable. Disprin tablets can be dissolved on the tongue, or swallowed, when no glass of water is at hand.

These are the reasons why Disprin is now recommended for the safe and rapid relief of headaches, feverishness, toothache, 'flu and rheumatic pains.

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TO RELIEVE PAIN DISPRIN NEUTRAL SOLUBLE ASPIRIN

DISPRIN Regd.
***dissolves* pain quickly and safely**

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that only a healthy skin can be really beautiful. Solyptol Soap — so mild — so gentle, refreshes as it cleanses and because it's medicated, Solyptol Soap will keep your skin healthy. You'll love Solyptol Soap, its super creaminess — the way the foaming lather makes your skin softer, smoother and younger.

Solyptol Soap

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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with

LOTHAR: His giant, Nubian servant, goes to Africa to search for his sister Lenore, who vanished when she went to explore Witchmen's Peak. Mandrake wins the first round against the witchmen by restoring the speech of a trader who had become dumb when he spoke to Lenore about the mysteries of the peak. Mandrake knows he is up against the natives' trickery, not magic. Although warned that the revenge of the witchmen will be swift, Mandrake and Lothar set out alone for the peak to find Lenore. NOW READ ON:

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

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"TELL ME ANOTHER" says KLEENEX* TISSUES

SUMMER HAS ITS HAZARDS

THERES NO BETTER WAY TO CATCH A COLD THAN GETTING DRENCHED AT A PICNIC. BUT WHEN SUMMER COLDS STRIKE, MAKE SURE YOU HAVE KLEENEX ON HAND. IT'S SOFT—KEEPS COLDS FROM SPREADING.

KLEENEX WINS BLUE RIBBON

ADVICE FROM A PRIZE WINNING COOK. PUT PIKELETS BETWEEN TWO KLEENEX TISSUES WHILE COOLING. IT KEEPS THEM LIGHT AND JUST-MOIST, NOT SOGGY.
MRS. M. KENNY, MURTON AVENUE HOLLAND PARK, BRISBANE.

I CAUGHT RED HANDED

AFTER YOU'VE BLOTTED YOUR LIPSTICK WITH KLEENEX, GIVE YOUR LIPSTICK CASE A WIPE. KLEENEX KEEPS YOUR LIPSTICK TUBE CLEAN, LIPSTICK OFF YOUR HANDS. SHINES UP COMPACT AND MIRROR, TOO.
MRS. M. KELLY, C/- EAST LAVINGTON P.O., VIA ALBURY, N.S.W. KL3/6/16 R3
*Registered Trade Mark

holidays are for housewives too

When holiday time is around, don't be a slave to your stove. Prepare easy meals like salads – and, to liven up your family's appetite and still keep cool, calm and collected, make your mayonnaise with Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk. It's the easiest mayonnaise you ever made, and the most delicious. Rich! Creamy! The makings of any salad!

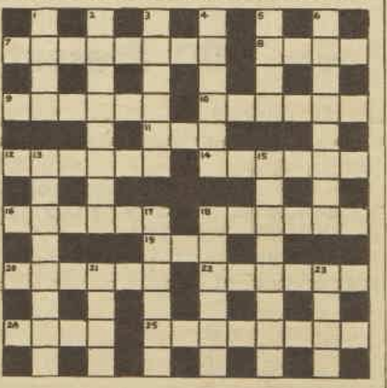
Nestlé's Condensed Milk cuts cooking and preparation time!

Just pour ½ tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk in a bowl, add ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, ½ cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, beat for a few seconds, and presto! Magnificent mayonnaise.
Use this mayonnaise for vegetable salad, potato salad, Russian salad—and transform salad into a delicious main-course dish. And don't forget that Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk is the secret of creamy sauces and melt-in-the-mouth lemon meringue pies.

Order a few tins of Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk — and have a holiday from cooking now. You'll spare yourself, but not the meals, if you use Nestlé's!

NESTLÉ'S SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

7. Showy words for the gods get the applause before the pitfall (8).
8. A wooden basket containing tea and a carpet (4).
9. The French turns in a date to accuse (6).
10. Masses of metal trained to sing (6).
11. Fruit which turns into a cask (3).
12. A bookie with scraped linen used for fixing broken bones (6).
14. Insect which should be able to listen and has some false hair (6).
16. Gives grudgingly in between two saints (6).
18. Crossing of the optic nerves with his mac (6).
19. You and me and a world power (3).
20. Performance, when its end is able, becomes liable to a lawsuit (6).
22. This is known only to a limited number (6).
24. In a task I prefer to gambol (4).
25. Dormant condition liable to revival (8).

F	R	I	C	A	S	S	E	E		A		M		
R		M		N				M		L		A		
I	M	P	A	V	I	D		B	R	I	N	G		
L		A		I		O		A		B		O		
L	O	S	E	L		L	A	R	K	I	N	G		
E		T				E		G						
D	O	O	D	L	E		G	O	S	P	E	L		
				O		S				A		U		
S	H	A	L	L	O	W		A	P	R	O	N		
L		S		L		A		A		V		E		
O	U	T	G	O		G	A	R	M	E	N	T		
T		I		P				O		N		T		
H		R		S	I	M	O	N	P	U	R	E		

Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

1. Nothing put in beer can form a succulent plant (4).
2. A song in a pin is related to bees (8).
3. Glowing red ant (6).
4. A solemn ceremony ends a fairy (6).
5. This red deer cannot exist without a tag (4).
6. Supports us in spots (8).
13. Instruction given to a baker in a nursery (3, 1, 4).
15. This clothing, if it is very good, should be sold by a dry-goods merchant (4, 4).
17. Ice-cream with fruit served as nude (6).
18. Wheel for a chair or a cruet (6).
21. Politician inside the devils (4).
23. Every one has his ache (4).

Solution will be published next week.

Beautiful Eyes...

NEED PROTECTION

Your eyes have many enemies — germs, dust, smoke, glare. Neglect can cause them to smart and ache — make your eyes look tired and old. Guard against strain and infection with soothing Optrex Eye Lotion. An Optrex eye bath every day will wash away dangerous dirt and keep your eyes a-sparkle with health.

Large Economy Bottle, 5/6 from Chemists.

Optrex
the EYE LOTION

OP21

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REMOVES ODOR from perspiration on contact. Antiseptic action.
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In both smooth cream and handy spray.

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